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The Sketch

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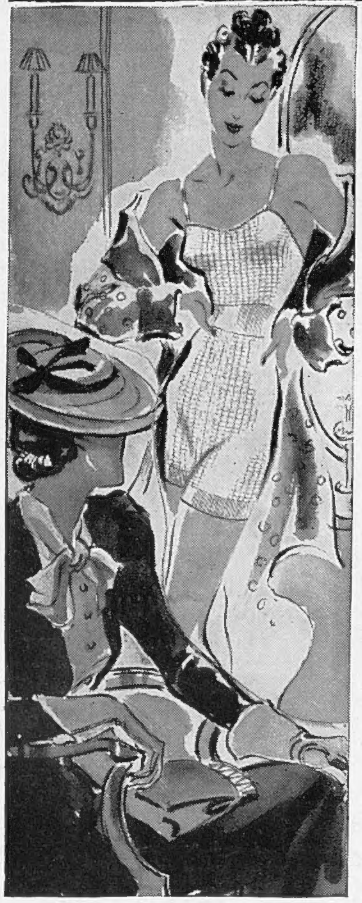
An Exchange of Confidences



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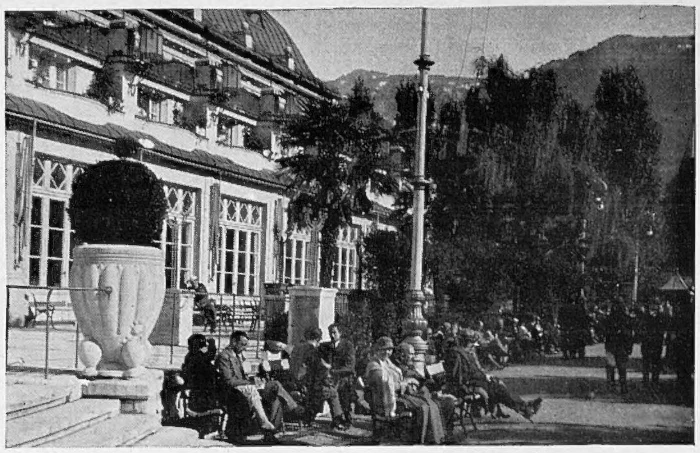

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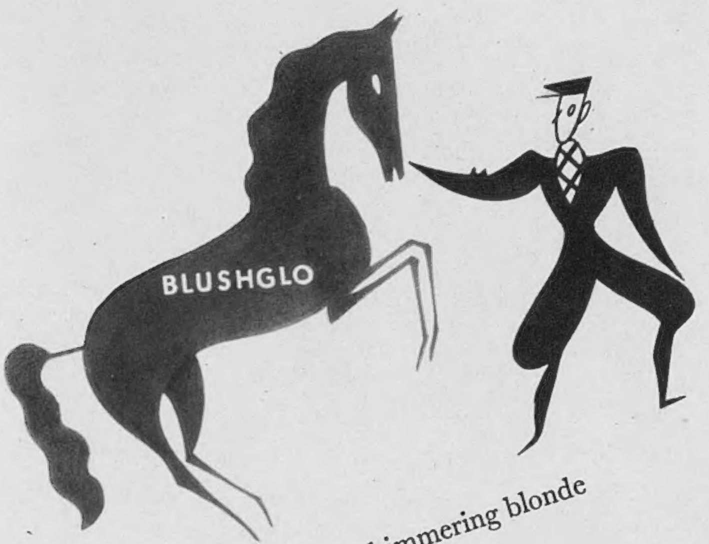

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The Sketch

No. 2330 — Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBAN, BRUXELLES.

THE PRINCESS AND THE THRUSH.

PRINCESS JOSEPHINE OF BELGIUM, *eldest child and only daughter of Leopold III., King of the Belgians, has a very long, imposing string of Christian names we haven't space to publish. She will be ten years old next month. The fledgling seems very much at home with her.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

III.—NIGHT.

NIGHT must fall. The fact was notorious, even before a popular play lent emphasis to it. It might be an awkward fact, if Nature had her way; for Nature, by arranging that the earth should spin in space at a curious, drunken angle, evidently intended that we should spend half our lives semi-blinded. We have refused, however, to accept the situation, and consequently man is, by his own obstinate ingenuity, probably the only living creature who can be, at will, of either diurnal or nocturnal habit, or both. We steal and store the sunlight, and, by merely touching a switch, turn night into day; in fact, in some high spots of civilisation, such as Times Square in New York, or Piccadilly Circus, W.1, we make the sun look rather a pale and ineffectual orb. We have conquered Old Night, though it is not so certain that we have conquered Chaos.

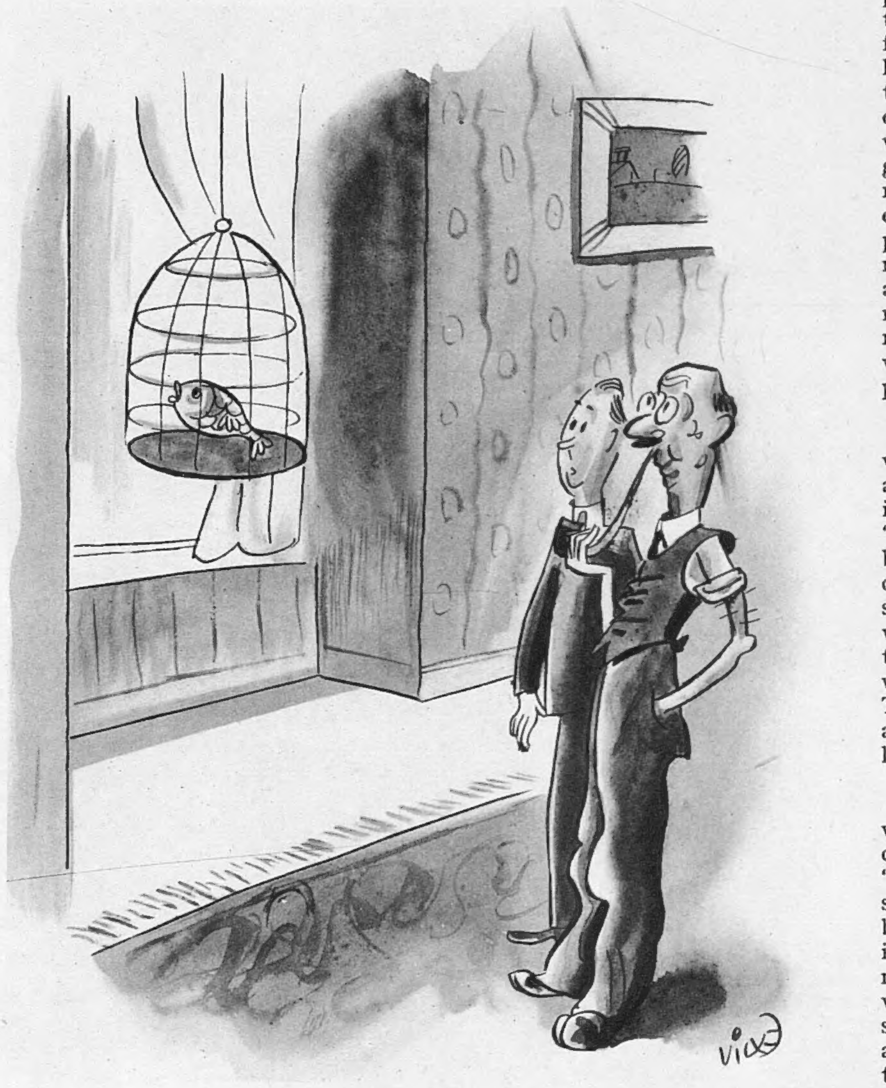
And we did not make any determined assault even on Old Night until quite recently. We pampered moderns are so accustomed to commanding the sun by means of a switch, or button, that we forget that, until a very short time ago, men had groped in the dark (as we should now consider) for thousands of years. Occasionally, the electric light fails, and there is a frantic search for candles; and then we realise what it must have been like to live, as our grandfathers did, in the semi-obscurity of a candle-lit world—very charming and picturesque and Olde Worlde, no doubt, in theory, but extremely inconvenient in practice! I am not yet in my dotage, but I can well remember the time when the incandescent gas-burner was a great advance in household illumination. We find it difficult to imagine a theatre—including a floodlit stage—lit solely by gas. Yet it was not until Gilbert and Sullivan were in their prime that Mr. D'Oyly Carte tried the daring experiment of "electrical illumination" at the Savoy. Sweetness and Light is an attractive motto. We of the twentieth century have found the light; as for the sweetness—well, perhaps we had better let posterity judge.

Far from allowing darkness to be an inconvenience, humanity regards it, on the whole, as a welcome season. It is a curtain between the acts, and it is followed by an interval (or "intermission," as it is called in *very* superior picture palaces). Has it not been written—

Work, for the night is coming
When men work no more.

This is not universally true; a considerable section of the human race has to work all night in order that the rest of the race may live all day. Again, many persons, as a matter of choice, prefer to be like those flowers which close by day and expand by night; indeed, there are whole countries—poor old Spain used to be one of them—where nobody seems to come to life till after sunset, or even till after midnight. But for the great majority of mortals the night is "off time." There are ten thousand ways of employing it, and I do not propose to start a competition in this paper on How Best to Use our Evenings. But I should like to dwell for a moment, though in no censorious manner, on two or three habits or attitudes which seem to me *not* the best way of using the evening.

There are those—industrious or restless creatures, according to the point of view—who never quite get the habit of regarding "off time" as really "off." They are always haunted by the uneasy consciousness of "something to do"—letters to write, neglected chores, or some job which has not been completed during the day; to this kind of temperament, even reading is a task rather than a diversion, and a man whose whole soul is yearning for Edgar Wallace (who would probably be far better for him) sits down grimly after dinner to master the latest popular exposition of Relativity. Having suffered from this weakness all my life, I testify, with sorrow, that it is a grave defect of character against which a wise man should be on his guard. When you relax, relax *all* the muscles! However, I don't think I need press the point. I seem to notice a good many people about who are already so much relaxed that if they relaxed any further, they would probably fall to pieces.



"I BOUGHT HIM AS A FLYING FISH."

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Then there are those to whom the evening is a bleak and desolate expanse unless it is devoted to some "engagement," whether it be theatre or flicks or bridge or jazz or a party of some sort. Confronted with time which is theirs to use as they will, they "don't know what to do with themselves." They are the converse of the anxious people who always have "something to do."

To both these types I would commend, for a change, the old-fashioned "quiet evening," with slippers, armchair and a book—or, if you *must* have it (though personally I never feel the urge), Droitwich. But I am bound to say that there is a third and common type to whom the "quiet evening" is merely a tedious interval between dinner and bed. This kind of person wanders aimlessly through the evening papers, though he is very emphatic that there is "nothing in them"; he turns the wireless on and off aimlessly, chiefly, it would seem, for the pleasure of cursing the B.B.C. His armchair is essentially a thing to yawn in, and—though yawning is an innocent and legitimate amusement—if an armchair is to be a mere sarcophagus, I prefer a tip-up stall every time.

The intelligent person—such as yourself—will take care not to belong to any of these types, but to be a judicious blend of all three. Days are mostly routine, and evenings should never be allowed to become an extension of routine; as with cocktails, everything depends on the mixing. Some evenings for toil (since it cannot always be avoided), some for planned amusement, and some for just nothing in particular. So managed, nightfall brings balm. And so to bed; how, when and why, we will settle, with your kind permission, next week.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

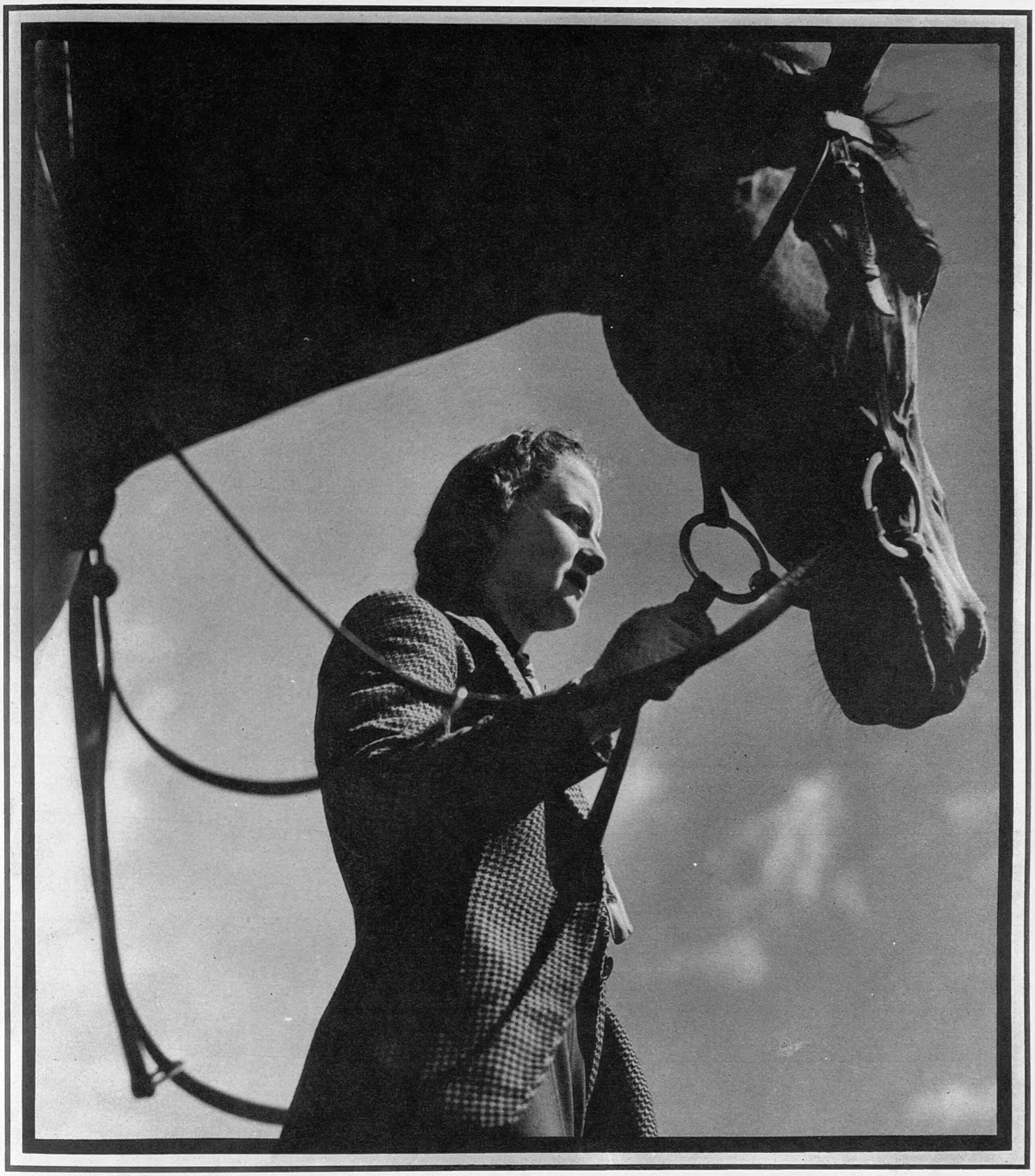
After a cruise, the hand of the East is laid on the "snuggery."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"SPRING-TIME."

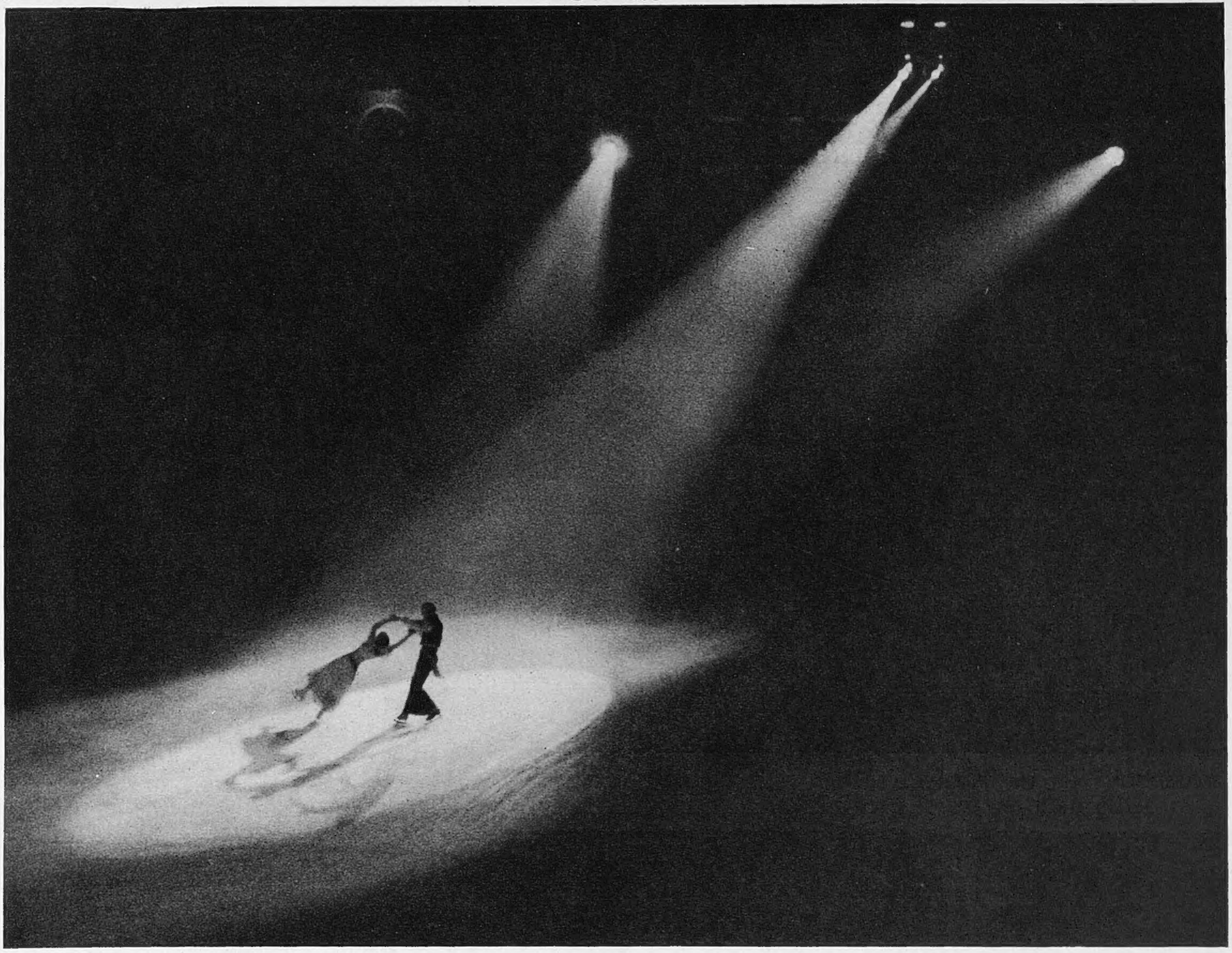
"RHAPSODY IN SATIN."

FROM THE ORIGINALS (THE FIRST BY DR. S. D. JOUHAR, THE SECOND BY HANS HASENPFLUG) EXHIBITED AT THE 28TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.



"JUDGMENT AWAITS."

FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY FRANK DAVIS, EXHIBITED AT THE 28TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.



"FIGURE - SKATING."
By H. Symmons (above).

SPOT - LIT SPEED.

ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE R.P.S., AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE.

"DANCING ON THE MOONBEAMS."
By R. Wurts (below).

TRAINING WITH THE R.A.F.

NO. 7 FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, R.A.F., *has its H.Q. at Peterborough. The aerodrome was previously used as an aircraft storage and assembly unit, but in January 1936 it became a school, and is now used for instructing pupils (officers) with flying experience to become fully-trained Service pilots. After thorough instruction in air navigation, armament, night flying, signalling, and all aeronautical routine, they are posted away to their various squadrons. With the great expansion now taking place in the R.A.F., Westwood Aerodrome has become one of the largest and most important stations in the country. Fred May made these sketches during last guest night. The C.O., Group Captain Shekleton, an outstanding figure at archery, won the Archery Championship of England this year.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

FOR the best part of an hour one recent chilly September day I tried to inveigle a large trout into taking a dry fly, and in the end I had to admit myself beaten. Several times he came up and inspected different flies which I cast over him, but only to turn away with a disgusted flick of his tail. Just to encourage me, he would rise boldly from time to time and take natural flies. He was lying on a patch of gravel, and I could see every movement he made. I doubt if he could see me, as I was wading fairly deep and had the sun behind me. In any case, he was supremely indifferent to my efforts to catch him and refused to be put down even when I flopped a cork beetle on his nose. It is very difficult to leave a feeding fish when one can see plainly that it is a two-pounder or more. Every trout angler encounters time-wasting fish and afterwards regrets having lost so many precious minutes when the rise is on. All the same, I do not begrudge the hour I spent with this one, for I had more fun in trying to catch him than with any of the other trout I caught. This happened on Mr. Percy Laming's water on the Itchen to which I referred a few weeks ago when recording his view that all his large trout had died of starvation owing to the floods last winter washing the food away. Another fish, the first I hooked, had quite a game with me. He fought well and finally went into a bed of weeds, came out the other side, leapt out of the water, then swam round close to my feet and the fly came away. Looking down, I could see the trout's head and half its body protruding from a patch of weed right at my feet. I could have netted it quite easily, but that would not have been playing the game after it had got rid of the hook. Walters, the keeper, told me that over 300 trout had been caught on Mr. Laming's water this season, which is very good, considering that the stock is all naturally bred and no restocking is done.

Mr. R. Gladstone, of Lymington, Hants, caught this $36\frac{1}{2}$-lb. TOPE *on an ordinary weighted line, with herring as bait, from the beach near Lymington. The fish was 5 ft. long.*

Big-Game Fishing Round the World. Before many years have passed it will be possible for a big-game angler to fish all the year round, travelling by air line to the various established big-game fishing centres. Facilities have long existed in America and New Zealand, and more recently in home waters and in Nova Scotia. Now Australia is making a strong bid to attract big-game anglers, and Ceylon promises to provide first-rate sport before long. It is only a question of time before Africa and South America will also be in the running. There is no lack of big-game fish, but there is a lack of suitable launches, and until this drawback is overcome, anglers will continue to visit the centres where they are assured of being able to charter the right type of craft. About seven or eight launches, from 27 ft. to 38 ft. in length and properly equipped for big-game angling, are now available for hire at Bermagui, which is claimed to be the headquarters of big-game angling in Australia. The past season's results from this centre have just been issued in a report from the Bermagui Big Game Anglers Club. They show that the following fish were caught: 13 black marlin and 19 striped marlin spearfishes, 5 mako, 1 white, 1 tiger, and 15 hammerhead sharks, and 1 blue tunny. A black marlin of 672 lb., caught by Mr. J. R. Porter, is an Australian record, as is the 238-lb. blue-fin tunny landed by Mr. T. A. Bell. Although not included in the big-game fish records, the catches of small tunny from Bermagui and elsewhere are, in my opinion, of equal if not of greater interest. In three weeks, from September 5 to 26, 286 tunny, from 25 lb. to 35 lb. in weight, were caught by eighteen anglers fishing from Bermagui. From the description of the vast shoals of these fish, there appears to be no limit to the possibilities of sport in this direction, and what wonderful sport on suitable tackle! For those who prefer "large stuff," the big tunny are there too, as Mr. Bell proved when he landed one of 238 lb.

This BIG PIKE*—$28\frac{1}{2}$ lb., measures 3 ft. 10 in. in length—looks about the same size as the small girl with the rod. It was caught in the Avon, by Mr. A. B. Clarke, near Britford, who found a 2-lb. chub inside. From the same water recently a beautiful trout of $7\frac{1}{4}$ lb. was caught on dry fly.*

The Bishop of London, the Right Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, played this fine 20-lb. SALMON *for three hours and ten minutes in the Ness waters at Inverness, before landing it—a great feat, for the Bishop is in his eightieth year. He was the guest of Mr. James Davenport.*

Miss Vivien Waldock, who took this snapshot, wishes it to be called "When I was first a-fishing." It shows Mr. F. A. Waldock, an Oxford double Blue, and now captain of the Ceylon Cricket Team, giving a small girl a lesson in the noble art on the Clyde at Elvanfoot. Mr. Jollyboy, the spaniel, prefers grouse to fish, but is always willing to sacrifice his dignity to be "in the picture."

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

From August, the Delfur beat on the River Spey did very well; a total of 104 fish were killed in five weeks. The Spey is one of the few salmon rivers which have had a good season.

At last a really good book has been written about "Giant Fishes, Whales and Dolphins." It is by J. R. Norman and F. C. Fraser, of the British Museum, so its reliability can hardly be questioned. I have just received a copy, and see that it is well illustrated.

The Loch Leven Championship was won by Mr. A. M. Stewart with nine trout weighing 9 lb. 14 oz.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

DR. and MRS. A. J. CRONIN *having tea with their son,* PATRICK. *Dr. A. J. Cronin—here seen at his country home—is a doctor, and only took to writing at the age of thirty-five. Since then a novel from his pen has appeared practically every year, and has always met with great success. His most recent work, "The Citadel," has caused an unusual sensation. Mrs. Cronin also studied medicine. She is the sister of Mr. Robert Gibson, K.C., M.P.*

Vincent and Patrick Cronin are thinking of having a game of tennis. They are the sons of Dr. and Mrs. Cronin.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CITADEL": DR. A. J. CRONIN AND HIS FAMILY.

Right: DR. *and* MRS. CRONIN *in their garden. Sally, the spaniel, apparently thinks that her figure is her strong point and, therefore, turns her face away from the photographer. The cat, too, seems shy of having her picture taken, and puts her head down modestly.*

THERE WAS A GOOD BORDER HUNT

MISS HERSEY COKE *(left)* and MRS. HENRY TROTTER *were two socialites at Kelso for the United Border Hunt meeting. Mrs. Trotter's husband is the son of Colonel Algernon and Lady Edith Trotter, of Mortonhall.*

MR. DONALD STUART, *of the Gordon Highlanders, with his wife (formerly Miss Betty Hicks), daughter of Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks.*

Another party was composed of MR. ROBERT BAIRD *(second from right), the* HON. MRS. BAIRD, *the* HON. MRS. CUBITT, *and her two sons.*

The EARL OF HADDINGTON *with the* HON. MRS. CUBITT.

SOCIAL CONTINGENT AT THE UNITED MEETING AT KELSO.

MISS JANE WALSH *and* MISS ALATHEA TALBOT *were decorative spectators. Miss Talbot, daughter of Commander R. Talbot, R.N., is first cousin of the Earl of Shrewsbury*

Right: LADY MARGARET EGERTON *(left), fifth daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, with* LADY VIOLET BARING, *Lord Cromer's younger daughter.*

A little group of LADY REAY, LORD REAY *(the Dutch-born Chief of the Clan Mackay), and* BARON TUYLL.

Above: The COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON *(right), with* LADY LOWTHER, *was snapped in the paddock.*

The Minto luncheon-party consisted of (l. to r.) LADY MINTO, LORD MELGUND, *her son;* LADY WILLA ELLIOT, *her younger daughter;* MISS FORDHAM, *the* EARL OF MINTO, MR. HUGH ASTOR, MR. JOHN ASTOR, *and* MISS C. MACMILLAN.

BEAUTIES ON SHOW TO-DAY AT THE DRILL HALL.

SOUTH LAWN SASHA *is proud of her white chest and thinks it is one of the many good points which should bring her to the notice of the judges at the Siamese Cat Show being held to-day at the Drill Hall, Chenies Street, W.C.1. Like all the cats on this page, she is the property of Mrs. Sydney Shinmin, of Cheltenham.*

NATUSHKIN *has completely mastered the art of "relaxation" which all physical-culture experts nowadays tell us is so important both for one's figure and health.*

SHANAHAN, SIMLA, SHANTUNG, *and* SAKI *are still young enough not to be too sophisticated to show interest in any strange sound or movement.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO HUGO.

SHANAHAN *was nearly swept off his feet by the large and—to him—curious object, but, with the courage of the kitten, he did not run away, but wished to investigate what it was all about.*

The broom exercised a similar fascination for SAKI, *and he longed for a romp. Both kittens are the property of Mrs. Sydney Shimmin, of Cheltenham.*

SHANAHAN AND SAKI AND THE BROOM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO HUGO.

TALES WITH A STING.

TWO A.M.

By W. DUDLEY.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THE road watchman sat in his hut. Before him stretched the line of red lamps marking the barriers where the road was up; a conical heap of white sand glimmered pallid in the half-light of night; a concrete-mixer and a steam-roller showed as weird shapes with doubtful contours; a heap of picks and rammers lay beside the watchman's hut; a night wind stirred the lamps, and their blood-red reflections swung stealthily to and fro on the broken road.

The watchman left his hut and walked to the corner of a side street that ran behind the goods-yard of a railway station. He could hear the shunting of engines and an occasional shout, and see the reflections of the arc-lights that hung over the goods-yard, but the street stretched deserted, save for a vanishing taxi and a lighted coffee-stall a hundred yards away.

"There's no one to see me," muttered the watchman. "No one at all. I'll chance it." And walked rapidly up the street.

At eleven o'clock on the following night a group of customers stood in front of the coffee-stall.

"'E served me with baccy many a time," said a coal-heaver from the railway goods-yard, noisily sipping coffee from his saucer.

"'E won't serve yer again," said a shunter.

"A knife, wasn't it?" asked the stall-owner.

"Yes," said a railway night clerk. "Two stabs. It was the second one that finished him. But why anyone should want to murder old Daddy Leete is more than I can understand. And only last night, too."

"Somewhere near here, wasn't it?" inquired a commercial traveller, who had missed his train and was filling in time. "I'll have a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee," he said to the stall-owner.

"Yus, guv'nor, it was near 'ere," answered the coal-heaver, wiping his mouth on the back of a grimy hand. "Just round the corner. No, not that corner—that's where the road's up. The other way, in that little alley opposite the lamp-post."

"He had a small general shop," added the clerk. "All the district called him Daddy Leete. He was an old boy, utterly inoffensive, and why anyone should want to murder him is——"

"Yer said that before," struck in the coal-heaver. "It was money, o' course. 'E kept it in a tin box hid in a tea-chest."

"Hullo!" cried the clerk suspiciously. "How do *you* know where he kept his money?"

The commercial traveller laughed, but the coal-heaver received the remark offensively.

"Look 'ere, Ratface," he said truculently to the clerk, "don't get silly ideas in yer fat head! I knew where old Leete kept 'is money 'cos 'arf the district knew. It was common knowledge."

"All right," said the clerk defensively. "Don't boil over. I wasn't speaking seriously."

"That's a good job for one of us," replied the coal-heaver, with a twitch of his powerful frame. "Which one that is don't matter. Why," he pursued, poising a brawny arm, "if I knew the man wot done in Daddy Leete, I'd feel like saving the hangman a job, I would that! This is a district of the poor, an' me an' my missus 'ave 'elped many in our 'umble way, but when I was out o' work, an' me an' 'er was up against it cryin' bad, there wasn't one o' them we'd 'elped come forward with so much as 'arf a crust in *our* time o' need——"

"Ah!" interposed the shunter, making wet rings on the stall counter with his cup. "That's life, that is."

"—But Daddy Leete," continued the coal-heaver, the whites of his eyes flashing in his dirty face, "sent us ten-bobsworth o' groceries an' said 'Pay me when yer can.' That's the sort o' bloke 'e was. Ah, there's 'eaps in this district wot 'e 'elped in 'is quiet way."

"That's a fact," said the stall-owner, adjusting the jet beneath an urn. "I could name a dozen orf-'and."

There was a pause, during which each man seemed occupied with his own thoughts.

"I'll try one of your hot dogs," said the commercial traveller. "They look good to me."

"I'll try a 'ot dog, too," said the coal-heaver. "Just to finish this coffee."

His great jaws, unshaven and glistening with coal-dust, champed on the hot dog. The clerk lit a cigarette and glanced idly up and down the street. The shunter, leaning against the stall, poured tea into his saucer and blew noisily to cool it.

"Becos I thought the world o' old Leete," said the coal-heaver, pausing in his chewing, "I bin doing a bit o' thinking about who it could 'ave been that croaked 'im. An' I believe I know the man."

They all looked at him. With his deep voice, powerful figure, and soiled face so strangely shadowed by the light from the stall, he seemed for a moment to dominate them all. Then the clerk said incredulously: "You know the man?"

"Who d'yer think done it?" asked the stall-owner, leaning over his counter.

The coal-heaver looked slowly round. "There ain't no reason why I shouldn't tell, I s'pose. I think it was that watchman round the corner."

The shunter's laugh mingled with the gear-change of a passing taxi and the whistling of railway engines in the goods-yard.

"It's possible, I s'pose," said the stall-owner, considering. "But hardly likely."

The commercial traveller ventured no opinion in what he felt was a local matter. The clerk was openly contemptuous.

"If that's what you think," he said, blowing ash from his cigarette, "you'd better give up thinking and keep to heaving coal about. It's more suited to you."

The coal-heaver turned angrily upon him.

"Ho, is it?" he asked, breathing heavily. "I s'pose that acos yer work in an office, and get yer money by wearing out office stools with the be'ind o' yer trousis yer think you're the only one wot can do a spot o' thinking. But maybe I can think as much as you. I could 'ardly think less."

The clerk was about to deliver a hasty reply, when the stall-owner intervened.

"Now, gents, I don't mind an argument, but no quarrelling. The sight o' quarrelling men in front of my stall is no advert. for me, and I've my livin' to think of."

"That's right enough," said the commercial traveller.

"All right," agreed the clerk, nodding. "Well, Coalie, let's hear your reasons for suspecting the watchman, and then we can judge you."

"My reasons," replied the coal-heaver, "is these. First, I don't like the look o' that watchman. 'E's got a shifty look, an' I believe a bloke carries 'is character in 'is face. Acos o' the angle of the stab, the police say the murderer must ha' been a short man. An' the watchman's a short man."

"So am I," said the clerk.

"Come to that, so am I," said the stall-owner. "There's 'undreds o' short men, Coalie. You ain't got much, so far."

"Wait, can't yer?" asked the coal-heaver irritably. "It ain't taking one sack at a time wot counts—it's taking all the sacks together wot empties the truck. Just listen. The door was forced by a squarish instrument, probably a crowbar, say the police, 'cos there's a square dent in the wood. But wot else, if used as a lever, 'ud make a square dent in wood the same as a crowbar? Why, the head of a pick, 'cos it's squarish. An' there's a heap o' picks lying beside that watchman's hut."

There was a short silence. The coal-heaver lit a blackened clay pipe, and the others stared at him reflectively.

"Might be something in that," conceded the clerk, in an altered tone.

The shunter and the stall-owner nodded.

"Anything else?" asked the commercial traveller.

"The murder," resumed the coal-heaver, leaning both elbows comfortably on the counter, "was done as near two o'clock as makes no matter, 'cos, although old Leete was infirm, there was a slight struggle, an' his alarm clock was knocked to the floor and the

[Continued on page xii.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

EACH OF THESE AMERICAN BEAUTY QUEENS—FOR FIGURING THAT SHE MAY BE QUEEN OF ALL AMERICA.

THE eighteen girls in the picture are candidates for the title of "Miss America," competed for in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Each is a queen in her own right. They represent the beauties of the South and the South-west of America.

The MISSES AILEEN *and* AUDREY PRICE—FOR MAKING STAR-MASKS FROM PULP OF THE NEWSPAPERS WHICH HELP TO "MAKE" STARS.

THE work of MISS AILEEN and MISS AUDREY PRICE is in great demand for wall decoration. They model these film-star masks from old newspapers made into pulp, painted and varnished. Having started it as a hobby, they now have all the work they want. From left to right, as you'll guess yourself, the masks are those of Jessie Matthews, the Garbo, Eddie Cantor, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, and (below), Laurel and Hardy.

MR. STANLEY GRIMM is painting a portrait of Sir John Lavery, the eighty-two-year-old R.A. After several sittings, Sir John decided his presence was no longer necessary, so he dressed a dummy in his own painting kit and sent it along to Mr. Grimm as proxy.

SIR JOHN LAVERY—FOR SENDING A DUMMY CLAD IN HIS CLOTHES TO ACT AS PROXY FOR HIM IN MR. STANLEY GRIMM'S STUDIO.

ACCORDING to Jockey Club ruling, a woman is not a "person," and this debars MISS NORAH WILMOT from holding a trainer's licence. However, she has proved herself a first-rate trainer, and has trained many winners, including Haulfryn, who won the Doncaster Cup. The licence is held in the name of Mr. R. Metcalfe. Miss Wilmot is a daughter of the late Sir Robert Wilmot, and has inherited his knowledge of horsemanship.

MISS NORAH WILMOT—FOR TRAINING MANY WINNERS WITHOUT BEING A "PERSON" IN THE EYES OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

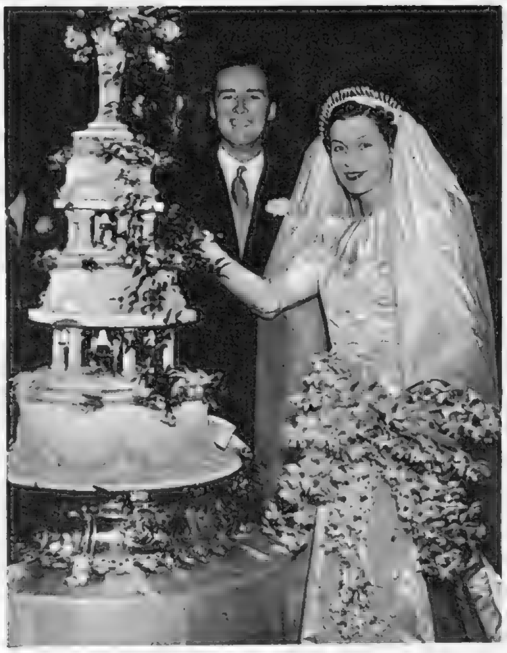
THE MERRIEL ABBOTT GIRLS, from Chicago, are appearing in the new Dorchester cabaret, "Laughter and Rhythm." You can see them fly-walk here; but you must turn the photograph upside down to see them right way up.

THE MERRIEL ABBOTT GIRLS—FOR GIVING US A CHANCE TO SHOW THEM FLY-WALKING.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

So far, London can hardly be considered socially gay, but it is to be hoped that the various weddings which take place this month will bring back a good many people who are at present lingering on at their various favourite resorts in England, abroad, and their own homes in the country and cannot make up their minds to return just yet.

Whether it is forethought or suggestion cannot be certain, but it is quite apparent that several of the brides of this autumn are choosing warm, golden colours to harmonise with the wind-blown, mellow leaves. One of them is Lady Diana Legge, a train-bearer to the Queen at the Coronation, who will be married at Brompton Parish Church on the 27th, and has chosen a gold lamé gown. White-clad bridesmaids with golden leaves in their hair strike the same autumnal note.



At St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, last week, MR. GRANT ALLEN SINGER, *adopted son and heir of Mr. Washington Singer, millionaire yachtsman and racehorse owner, married* MISS DAPHNE TRAVERS, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Travers, of Bombay. Here is the bride at the reception, cutting the cake with the help of her husband.*

The bridegroom is Mr. John Hamilton-Russell, Lord and Lady Boyne's third son, who is as much at home in the saddle as in his favourite fireside chair. Like Lady Diana, he is an enthusiastic follower to hounds, and is also a splendid polo player. While serving in India a year or so ago he won the Kadir Cup for his regiment. His younger brother, Mr. Richard Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, will be the best man. The Dean of Windsor will officiate at the ceremony, and Lord Dartmouth will give his daughter away.

Little Jane Findlay, the only daughter of Lady Mary Findlay, Lady Diana's eldest sister, is determined to keep a stern eye on her three masculine escorts, all younger than herself, she having reached the mature age of seven. Her young brother Jonathan, Michael Hamilton-Russell, and her cousin, Bryan Basset, will wear white suits with frilled shirts, Kate Greenaway fashion. The four grown-up bridesmaids are Lady Barbara and Lady Josceline Legge the bride's younger sisters, Miss Rosemary Hamilton-Russell, and Miss Heather Legge.

MRS. AUDREY FIELDS, *who lent Holme House, Regent's Park, for the reception after the wedding of Patricia Lady Jersey to Mr. Robert Filmer-Wilson, took snapshots of them afterwards.*

Another golden September bride is Miss Dorothy Anne North, who is the only daughter of the late Mr. Dudley North and Mrs. Dudley North and a granddaughter of Lord North. Her marriage to Mr. Robert Alexander Clive Graham was arranged to take place last Friday.

This bride, like so many modern young women, is thoroughly efficient and has taken a practical interest in the planning of her trousseau; at one time she had ambitions for a career in the dress-designing world. Her pale golden satin frock was cut on classical lines, and she followed tradition with a bouquet of lilies and an orange-blossom head-dress. The nine bridesmaids, however, dressed in shot gold taffeta, with golden wreaths as head-dresses, did not have flowers, but carried the bridegroom's present to them—gold bags with their initials.

Lady Lavinia Dundas, Miss Susan North, the bride's débutante sister, Miss Diana Mills, and Miss Diana Carlos-Clarke, whose engagement to Mr. Fulke Walwyn was announced the other day, were some of the pretty girls in the retinue. Two children acted as train-bearers—Pamela Snow and Nicholas Rayner. His costume consisted of gold trousers and a yellow blouse. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. H. Guinness lent 6, Cheyne Walk for the reception. Only quite recently they entertained there for the wedding of their daughter to Mr. Carl Aschan.

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Wimbledon lawn-tennis player MISS ALEXANDRA McOSTRICH *and former West of England squash champion* MR. ROY DOUGLAS McKELVIE *were married last week at Old Church, Chelsea. The reception was held in the London house of the Hon. Bartholomew and Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie, and afterwards the bride and bridegroom left for the Black Forest.*

Tennis weddings are in the news. Nearly a fortnight after Miss Dorothy Round's marriage to Dr. Leigh Little, tall, Irish Miss Alexandra McOstrich, who last April beat the Wimbledon champion for the second time, was married to Mr. Roy McKelvie, a brilliant squash-rackets player. The wedding took place at Chelsea Old Church, which is such a picturesque background with its real old-world charm. The bride wore a pearl-tinted satin, and her bouquet was of white roses, white heather, and carnations.

Another left-handed player, Miss Peggy Scriven, came to the wedding: Miss McOstrich—or, rather, Mrs. McKelvie—is ambidextrous. There were two child bridesmaids — Patricia Strawson and Penelope Pleydell-Bouverie, the daughter of Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie, at whose house the reception was held.

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PATRICIA COUNTESS OF JERSEY *was married last week to Mr. Robert Filmer-Wilson, at Caxton Hall Register Office. Before her wedding to Lord Jersey Mrs. Filmer-Wilson was Miss Pat Richards, of Cootamundra, New South Wales.*

Look at a ballet shoe, and then see a pair of skating boots in your mind's

eye, and chalk and cheese just aren't in it; yet skating is definitely a relation to dancing! Prodigies on the ice—and surely in no other art are there so many past-masters in their teens—are taking part in the reopening of the Westminster Ice Rink to-day (Sept. 22). One of them, not yet fourteen, is Daphne Walker. She was chosen as reserve for the British team for the World Championship last spring. A newcomer, "Buster" Grace, is another clever youngster. She is planning something spectacular, an ice fantasy called "The Genius of the Lamps," to show off her acrobatic style.

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There will be a most thrilling first night at Covent Garden to-morrow (Sept. 23), when the de Basil Ballets will give their new production of the "Coq d'Or." This will be a purely ballet version devised by its original choreographer, Michel Fokine. "Coq d'Or" has had quite an interesting history. It was Rimsky-Korsakov's last opera, but was only produced for the first time in Moscow a year after the composer's death. It had been banned for some years owing to the political satire underlying the fairy-tale of the *fainéant* King Dodon, his sycophantic Court, and sheep-like subjects, which only goes to prove how very touchy any form of autocratic Government has always been, whatever it calls itself. "Coq d'Or" is a blend of singing and dancing, and it has been produced in the past either as an opera interspersed with dancing, or as a ballet with the singers grouped at the side of the stage. It was the latter version which was so finely done at Drury Lane in the summer of 1914, when it was sung by a Russian company and danced by the Diaghilev Ballet. Those old enough to remember it say it was quite magnificent in every way. Diaghilev revived it in 1928 with Karsavina as the Golden Cockerel; it was also produced as an opera by Sir Thomas Beecham several years ago.

For the new production, Fokine has not merely grouped together the dancing section of the opera, but has translated the whole work into choreographic terms, and parts which were previously sung will now be danced. Natalie Gontleharova, who designed the Diaghilev production, has done entirely new *décor* and costumes. Tatiana Riabouchinska will dance the title-rôle, Irina Baronova the Queen of Shemahan, and Mark Platov will be King Dodon.

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The servant problem is an ever-present one with all of us, but let us hope that it will ultimately be solved now that Mr. Ernest Brown has taken the matter in hand and is travelling about the country to find out exactly why so many women dislike the job. Furthermore, a big exhibition and conference is to be opened at the Royal Horticultural Hall next January, at which mistress and maid will be taught how to keep each other in order! A chart for domestic servants has been worked out, giving an exact time-table for the household worker, though it does omit to mention the period required for the butler's forty winks, and the between-maid's gossip with the charwoman next door!

Among those Doric columns MME. RALLI, *in a modern beach dress, looks almost like the reincarnation of a Greek dancer.*

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A correspondent from Scotland writes: "Though it was a bitterly cold day, personalities forgathered *en masse* for Kelso races. Feminine enthusiasts, clad in fur coats and their thickest tweeds, sheltered behind one another in the wind-swept paddock. Hardy menfolk like Lord Reay, the tall, Dutch-born Chief of Clan Mackay, and Lord Haddington (just back from a fleeting visit to Lord Glentanar's Aberdeenshire domain, the Forest of Glentanar) braved the elements in immaculate lounge suits—seemingly immune from chilly blasts.

"Lord and Lady Minto shepherded a lively family party. This included their little son, Lord Melgund, both their daughters, Lady Bridget and Lady Willa Elliot, and Lady Violet Astor's schoolboy son, Hugh. Lord Ellesmere's attractive daughter, Lady Margaret Egerton, all in blue, came over with her brother, Lord Brackley, who pointed out potential winners to his brother-in-law, 'Jock' Askew. Lady Susan Askew was there, too, spectating from the members' gallery with Mrs. Thomas Hacket-Paine, Lord George Scott's daughter.

"There seemed to be an amplitude of pretty girls, among them the popular Baird sisters, Margaret and Hersey, whose mother, Lady Hersey Baird, is the châtelaine of historic Lennoxlove, that enchanting old place near Haddington, which General Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton have taken for the autumn. Lady Haig's débutante daughter, Lady Irene Haig, who looked well in nut-brown tweed, talked to Lady Mary Gilmour. Others in evidence were Baron de Tuyll, who came with Lord and Lady Reay; the Laird of Dolphinston, Mr. John Mackenzie and his wife; also Lady Lindsay, who had three horses in the running."

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Now to return to London once more, which though, as I have already stated, it is rather empty just now, can still give us entertainments in plenty, and there certainly were quite a number of Society and Stage celebrities at the Dorchester last week for the opening of the new cabaret, "Laughter and Rhythm." Many tables had been taken, and the turns were heartily applauded, especially the Wiere Brothers—irresistibly original and amusing, and the Merriel Abbott Girls from Chicago, who were very sparkling. They appeared in several dances, and their most amusing costume was of white feathers tipped with scarlet, in which they did a sort of bird dance.

During a holiday in Greece, MME. RALLI *visited the Temple of Athena at Sunion—Byron's "Sunium's marbled steep." Mme. Ralli is a Greek and a great friend of the Duchess of Kent. She lives in Paris.*

Lord and Lady Jersey (Virginia Cherrill that was) were dancing together the whole evening and looked radiantly happy. She had on a filmy white chiffon dress. Lords Brecknock and Poulett had tables and parties, and the dancing floor was absolutely packed. Some people danced up the stairs to the stage and round it. Prince Aly Khan was with Sir John and Lady Milbanke, and there were a number of stage stars present—Tom Walls and Louise Browne among them.

On the same evening, the Leicester Square Theatre had one of its periodic exciting premières on the occasion of the production of "Victoria the Great," with tremendous thrills for the "fans" to be able to see Anna Neagle, Maurice Chevalier and Merle Oberon in the flesh.—MARIEGOLD

Looking down the road at Epidaurus: MME. RALLI *with* MME. CARELLA *in a motoring interlude.*

SPORTSMANLIKE CLOTHES AT THE WARWICK RACES.

MISS R. KEELING, MISS J. PEARSON, and MISS W. PEARSON *all chose the ever-practical and favourite coat and skirt.*

MR. G. V. TERRY, LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *(who is smoking a cigarette),* LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, *and* MRS. G. V. TERRY.

MISS D. HORNSBY-SAMPLE *and* MRS. HUGH BARNETT *wore mackintoshes, as the weather was somewhat uncertain.*

MISS A. ORR LEWIS, MRS. RICHARD ALLEN, *and* MR. V. GRENFELL *are carrying field-glasses, as befits serious racegoers.*

Left: MRS. MICHAEL BEARY *and her husband, the famous jockey, who rode Lord Portman's horses at the Warwick races.*

Right: MRS. J. C. LUCAS *and* MRS. G. PUGH *are seriously consulting their racing cards, while* CAPTAIN JOHN RITCHIE *looks on.*

THE SHOP-WINDOW.

FROM THE PICTURE, "HOMAGE," BY J. E. BLAIR-LEIGHTON; EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1937.

AN EASTERN PRINCESS AND HER EMERALDS.

PRINCESS BISHNU OF NEPAL is the beautiful wife of Prince Bishnu of Nepal, and is well known in London society. She has a house in Hampstead. Our photograph shows her wearing a parure of really magnificent emeralds. The Princess has one small son, Pitamber Shum Shere.

FROM THE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

AT AYR FOR THE RACES.

On the first day of the Royal Caledonian Hunt and Western Meeting at Ayr, MISS ANNE COATS of Sundrum wore an attractive blouse printed with the names of resorts.

MR. and MRS. HAZEL HARDY with MRS. WILFRED DE KNOOP, who was staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alan MacLeod, for the meeting.

To be married in October: MISS ANN MARSHALL, daughter of Major Anthony Marshall, who is a Steward of the Western Meeting, and MR. PETER BELL, a well-known aviator and owner of Roverey Lady, which he is riding at the Perth Steeplechases.

Right: MRS. "JIMMY" THOMSON looked very attractive in a full-length suède coat. Her husband is Master of the Eglinton Hunt.

LADY CLAUD HAMILTON with MRS. GEORGE WILSON, an Ayrshire personality, whose brother, Mr. "Bob" Galloway, owned a spectacular winner at the first day's meeting. Lady Claud's husband is Comptroller to H.M. Queen Mary.

MR. IAN REID and MISS ELIZABETH KNOX, who is an Ayrshire belle. He is a subaltern in the 2nd Battalion The Black Watch, which is bound for Egypt.

MR. and MRS. FRANCIS VANE-TEMPEST. She was Miss Penelope Bevan, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Bevan, before their marriage last year. He is a kinsman of the present Lord Londonderry.

AT OBAN: TARTAN PREDOMINANT

MISS JESSICA MANN-THOMSON *and her brother,* JOHN, *were in the party of the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Maclean of Ardgour for this Gathering. They are the children of Major and Mrs. Mann-Thomson, of Dankeith, near Kilmarnock.*

Young-marrieds—MAJOR *and* MRS. IAN STEWART. *She was Miss Ursula Morley Fletcher, and at one time was secretary to the Duchess of Atholl. He is the younger brother of Colonel Alexander Stewart, the twelfth Laird of Achnacone.*

The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD *with (right) the* COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, *who is the wife of the ninth Earl and was the Hon. "Biddy" Hore-Ruthven. Lady Mansfield was Miss Dorothea Carnegie, daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Lancelot Carnegie.*

MISS DIANA MILLS *with* MR. TORQUIL STEWART-RICHARDSON. *They were members of the mammoth party Lady Massereene brought from Knock House on the Island of Mull. Mr. Stewart-Richardson is the only brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, the sixteenth Baronet.*

The HON. "JOCK" WHYTE-MELVILLE SKEFFINGTON *with* MISS ROHAYS BURNETT, *daughter of Major-Gen Sir James Burnett of Leys. She represented Aberdeenshire; and looked very smart in green tweeds.*

MR. *and* MRS. RICHARD HERIOT-MAITLAND. *He is the eldest son of General James Heriot-Maitland. His grandfather is Mr. Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, Hereditary Standard-Bearer for Scotland.*

CAPTAIN GEORGE MALCOLM *and the* CAPTAIN OF DUNSTAFFNAGE. *Captain Malcolm is the heir of Sir Ian Malcolm, the seventeenth Laird of Poltalloch. He has two brothers and one sister.*

AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING.

LADY GRANT OF MONYMUSK *with* MISS ANNE MACPHERSON-GRANT. *Lady Grant is the wife of the eleventh Baronet, and the daughter of Brigadier Alan Thomson. Miss Macpherson-Grant is a cousin of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bt., of Ballindalloch.*

CAPTAIN C. A. N. HUDSON *with his* WIFE, *who was Miss Helen Loch, daughter of Major-Gen. G. G. Loch, and a kinswoman of Lord Loch. They came to Oban in their yacht "Raider." Captain Hudson is in the 2nd Battalion The Black Watch.*

MR. DOUGLAS PIRIE *with* LADY FLAVIA ANDERSON, *who is a daughter of the Earl of Halsbury. Her husband, Mr. Alasdair Anderson, was busy judging piping contests at the Games. Mr. Pirie's mother is a sister of the late Lord Sempill.*

MISS GELDA MACGREGOR *of Cardney with* MR. IAN MONCREIFFE, *who is the cousin and heir-presumptive to young Sir David Moncreiffe, Bt.*

COLONEL THE HON. ARTHUR *and* MRS. MURRAY *came over from their home, An Cala, near Oban. He is the brother and heir-presumptive to Viscount Elibank.*

MISS URSULA WATSON *with* MR. PATRICK LYON BALFOUR PAUL, *who is the son of Lyon King-at-Arms. His father is a member of the Royal Company of Archers (King's bodyguard for Scotland.)*

MR. ALASTAIR TELFER-SMOLLET *of Bonhill with his mother,* MRS. ALEXANDER P. D. TELFER-SMOLLET, *whose husband is the G.O.C. troops, Shanghai area. They live at Cameron House, on Loch Lomond.*

WHILE YOU SUP.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH, "CABARET," BY LANCELOT VINING, EXHIBITED AT THE 28TH EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST. S.W.1.

EX

GLOBE-TROTTING DE LUXE WITH THRILLS: "CREST OF THE WAVE," AT DRURY LANE.

A Hollywood beach-house in which everyone takes it easy. Mrs. Wortle (MINNIE RAYNER) *is reclining in a deck-chair on the left in one of the many spectacular scenes in* "CREST OF THE WAVE." *The play deals with the amorous and financial vicissitudes of the Duke of Cheviot, who accepts a cheque for £500,000 from the daughter of a film magnate on condition that he "goes with it," but he has already given his heart to Honey Wortle. The other woman is suspicious and jealous, not without cause.*

Honey Wortle (DOROTHY DICKSON) *and Freddie Layton* (WALTER CRISHAM) *dancing the tango at Rio, with a background of señoritas.*

In "Nautical," one of the songs in "Crest of the Wave": a stage version of life on a battleship.

Right: Honey Wortle (now June May, a great film star) meets Don Gantry, Duke of Cheviot (IVOR NOVELLO), *now reduced to being a film extra, as she was when he first met her. She engages him to play in a film she is making.*

Surprised by tourists while at breakfast, the Gantry family pretend to be waxworks. Second Woman (DOROTHY BATLEY); *First Woman* (JUDITH WREN); *Duke of Cheviot* (IVOR NOVELLO); *Stone* (KENNETH HOWELL); *Virginia, Duchess of Cheviot* (MARIE LÖHR); *and Lord William Gantry* (PETER GRAVES).

Right: When the young Duke of Cheviot leaves his old home the ghosts of the great ones of the past haunt Gantry Castle, and here we have the apparitions of Henry VIII. and his wives and Queen Elizabeth.

THE GLORIA DAY OF "CRAZY DAYS."

"CRAZY DAYS," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is yet another of Stanley Lupino's hits, and Gloria Day, of America, and of "the longest, loveliest legs" as he puts it, scores a great success not only as a dancer with plenty of tap, but as a singer and actress.

FAMOUS FORTS

RYE CASTLE
Edward I built the Ypres Tower and Land Gate which still remain as a memento of the age when Rye was a fortified port.

Today, just as in the days of Edward I, safety is the prime personal consideration. Hence DUNLOP Tyres. In this age of speed, the modern motorist will get, in DUNLOP Fort Tyres, his best safeguard against the risks of the road. For long service, safety, comfort and economy, fit DUNLOP.

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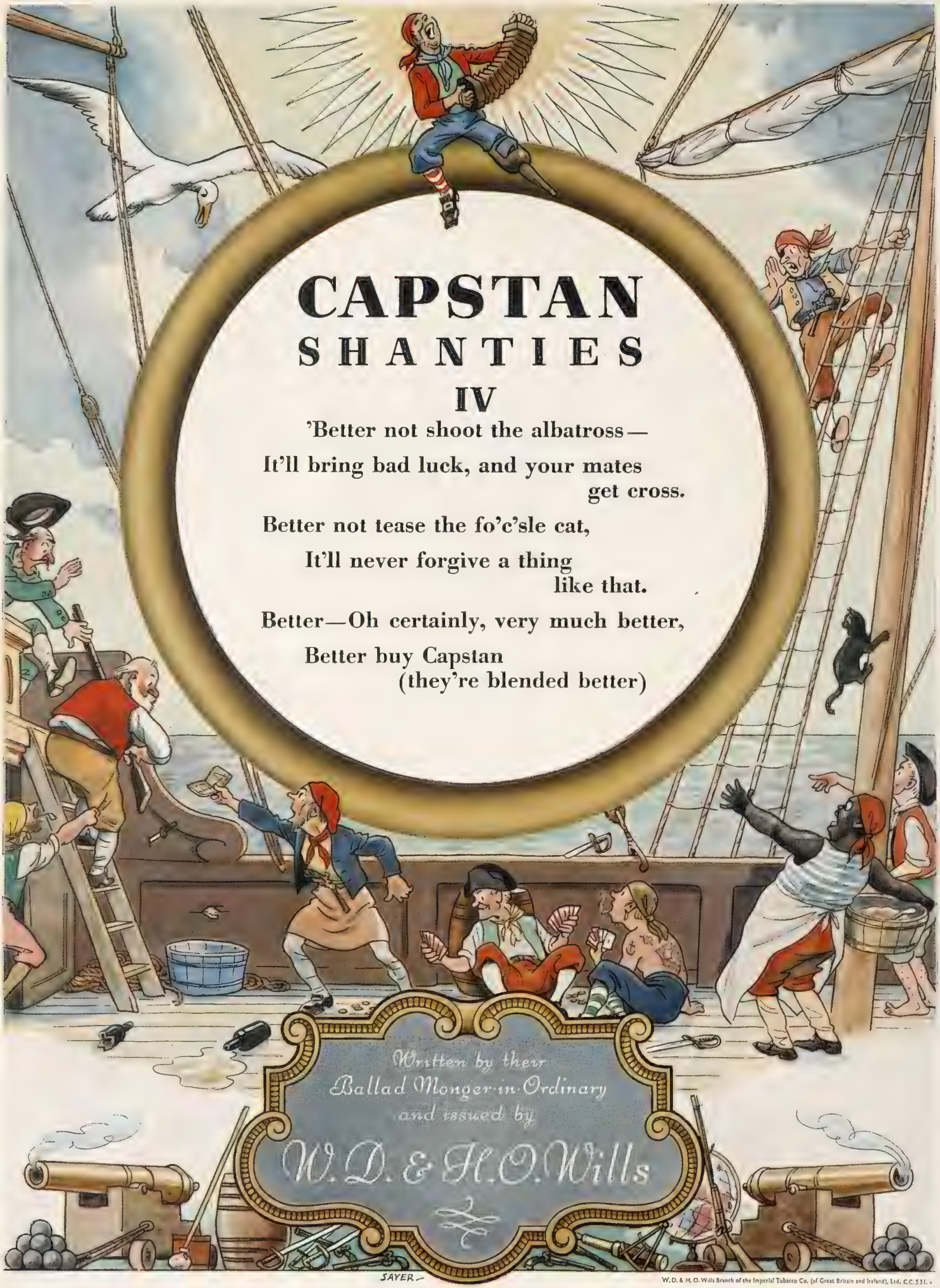

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C. 531.

FATHER GARY COOPER WITH HIS WIFE.

Gary Cooper, whose latest film, "Souls at Sea," keeps the Plaza full, is now a proud father. His wife, who acted for the films as Sandra Shaw, gave birth to a daughter the other day. Mrs. Cooper, whose real name was Veronica Balfe, was married in 1933. Both she and her husband love a quiet life, and, for that reason, have built a house on a secluded Brentwood estate, far away from the movie colony at Hollywood.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

When I was young, Mr. Arthur Collins, contriver of the Drury Lane melodramas, was announced every autumn to have surpassed himself. The melodramas altered a little. The phrase never did. As a self-surpasser, Mr. Collins was constant as the tide, immutable as the seasons of the year. Miss Dodie Smith now appears in this rôle of annual (or biennial) triumph. She is not, however, said to surpass herself. It is enough that she "does it again." In "BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL," and in this process of "doing it again," she has attached a tale of young love to a tale of old affection, and linked both with the Bohemian poverty of the student class who survey the sunrise of their careers from the roofs of maisonettes in Camden Town. The weather, fortunately for slate-haunting youth, is apparently permanently anticyclonic. "Shallow troughs of depression" appear only in the soul, never in the sky. There is a motherly "old pro.", charmingly played by Miss Ivy St. Helier, to keep order on the tiles, where three young men and three young women are preparing to Face Life's Challenge in their various ways.

The only member of this sextette of whom one grows at all weary is Miss Janet Jason, an aspiring actress who seems to believe that Sex Experience, especially if gained in the hard school of a Suffolk windmill, will help her a lot to artistic integrity. Nonsense, of course; but just the kind of nonsense that buzzes, bee-like, in a pretty bonnet. Luckily, there is a playwright available with all the qualifications. He has a windmill which looks out on fields, which are, like Miss Jason, the young lady with a windmill on her mind, "white for harvest." She drags him there with the pertinacity of one of Mr. Shaw's super-women, and so may be said to find herself while she loses her virtue. "Gone With the Windmill" would be a good sub-title for the play.

Meanwhile, a mature and titled actor-manager (Mr. Cecil Parker) had agreeably rediscovered the company of the music-hall artiste with whose fascinations he had once made life endurable for a week in "digs" in Manchester. I don't know whether theatrical knights usually like to be reminded of love's young dream in Ducie Street, or wherever it happened. However, this one did, and we all liked him and we all liked her, and we may have thought that love even behind the mouldering stucco of theatrical lodgings was probably cosier than love in a windmill, which seems to me a most angular, draughty, and altogether austere resort for practising the tender passion. Then, of course, there are all the roof-roaming young of Camden Town, who are easy to look at and good to listen to. "Bonnet Over the Windmill" is only a bit tiresome when it gets to the Windmill. For the rest, I respectfully raise my bonnet to playwright and to players.

The general trend and idea of "Richard II.", by William Shakespeare (at the Queen's Theatre), being so well known to all—we trust—here are a few particular impressions from the Great Brush of Sherriffs on heraldry as applied to the characters of this piece. First: THE KING *with the sun in eclipse and the lodged hart—two of the most unfortunate choices of this unfortunate prince. Played by* JOHN GIELGUD.

Another season's work at the Embassy began with "THE DAY IS GONE," by Mr. W. Chetham-Strode. The English people, we know, are sworn to peace in a warring world, and loathe all ideas of battle, but we do seem to relish a spot of bloodshed on the stage. Murder most foul is murder most favourite. Mr. Chetham-Strode accordingly comes bearing appropriate gifts—murder and suicide. Mr. Stanley Thatcher, his central figure, combines the office of pharmaceutical chemist with that of husband to a shrew. The lady was an unholy terror, and certainly asked for a sock in the eye, if not for a dip in the sea. When it comes to murder, chemists, of course, start with a bit in hand. The raw materials are on the shelf. But Stan had a mind beyond arsenic, and took the shrew to sea in a fishing-boat. 'Twas her Last Voyage, as the romantics would say.

Having appropriated the victim's property, rather more than a mere mite, he rashly married in haste the lady with whom he had been soul-mate for some time. Since this party was also fiercely coveted by a local "cop," the wedding was especially risky. The "cop," unable to convict Stan of murdering his first wife, could at least poison the mind of his second by suggesting that he would soon be poisoning her. This broke up the home, and poor Stan, who seemed at one time to have got away very nicely with murder, permitted himself to be snicker-sneed by the Down Express, which was always rumbling past his chemist's counter. This story is hammered at us with much rather obvious "planting" of the points, but Mr. Chetham-Strode can argue that public "slowness of uptake" is very slow indeed, and that he is suiting his methods of narrative to the average mind. Anyhow, he gave his public an efficient dose of its favourite medicine, blood with a tincture of suspense. I could not believe that Mr. Nicholas Hannen would be a good chemist, nor could I understand why any wife should treat so dear a fellow so rough. But he made a handsome and plausible centre-piece for the kind of play which is usually popular. Miss Angela Baddeley, Mr. Arthur Wontner, and Mr. Ellis Irving, will all assist that popularity.

Mr. Stanley Lupino has his own kind of show, and his own kind of public. He writes, invents, produces, and enacts. Usually Mr. Laddie Cliff is his colleague, but illness kept Mr. Cliff away from "CRAZY DAYS," at the Shaftesbury. Mr. Leo Franklyn was his able deputy. Miss Gloria Day contributed dancing of quality and a gay personality. Mr. Stanley Lupino was as much as ever himself, which is saying a good deal. The first night was a huge success, if cheering be the test. But "Crazy Days" though as crazy as it could be, only seemed to me intermittently amusing. A brilliant piece of imaginative fooling, in which Mr. Arty Ash assisted Mr. Lupino, stood out in isolation from several efforts to be crazy which ended by being commonplace. The songs, to which Mr. Arty Ash contributed some lyrics and Mr. Billy Mayerl all the music, were good. I wished that Arty was more seen as a comedian. Art is short, we know, but Arty's part is too short by far. A charming sextette about the horrors of spring took the lyrical and musical honours. After this, the very mention of an April day will make me livery and shivery and sneezy and wheezy. But memories of Mr. Arty Ash and Mr. Lupino eating the flowers and the candles will cheer me up.

Then: "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster" (aged fifty-eight) in the act of making his well-known appeal for a New Deal for Old England. Behind him are the Royal Arms of that time—he being Edward III.'s son, the Black Prince's young brother, and—by an easy process of reasoning—Richard's uncle. The three-pronged thing is the celebrated label borne by all the sons of monarchs; the ermine making it exclusive to Lancaster. By LEON QUARTERMAINE *(with false nose).*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

M. SACHA GUITRY, actor, playwright, novelist, artist and wit, has brought his own novel, "LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR," to the screen, in an adaptation that may be summarised as a spoken diary with animated illustrations. The result (which can be seen at the Academy Cinema) of his very original and characteristic approach to the cinematic medium, is both unusual and amusing, a brilliant experiment fully justified in the main by the intimacy, the curiously personal note introduced thereby into the confessions of a cheat. The story itself covers forty years of the life of an adventurer, from his childhood days when he, the son of a village grocer, stole a few sous to buy a handful of marbles. For this misdeed the youngster was punished by going supperless, the while the rest of a large family ate a meal of poisonous mushrooms and died of it! Thus early in life did honesty appear to the lad in the light of a dubious asset, for he was a thief and alive, whilst his honest parents, brothers and sisters had been wiped out. Equipped with a dangerous philosophy, the embryo cheat ran away and into adventure, as page, lift-boy, croupier at Monte Carlo, and card-sharper in every fashionable casino, until the fever of honest gambling seized him, and the fortune he had amassed vanished overnight, leaving him to eke out a modest living as packer in a playing-card factory. It is at this stage of defeat, borne with humorous resignation, that we first encounter him, in the person of M. Guitry himself, writing his memoirs at a café table. As he adds chapter to chapter, the protagonists of his story enact it silently to the accompaniment of the "hero's" narrative.

In the phrasing of a clever line, and the planting of its point, M. Guitry has no equal. Therein lies the strength of the device he has conceived—a device that combines delightfully ironical commentary with a fictional story of sharp though flexible outline, and most ingenious invention. In its surprising twists, its cynical undercurrent, and occasional suspense, the picture moves on the plane of *la haute comédie.* Its technique is not, I think, one to be adopted with impunity, for it needs Sacha Guitry's exquisite delivery to carry it off, and it has its drawbacks. The actors and actresses concerned in the story are confined to the terms of the silent screen. They can only assume the masks and gestures of their emotions as dictated by their creator, a limitation that in the long run makes itself felt. When the narrator steps into the picture as the cheat of middle-age, the narrative, which still continues to usurp the sphere of dialogue, seems a trifle out of place. At times the author-director flicks the picture into the present and into ordinary play-form, as in a charming interlude with an elderly Comtesse who was once a lift-boy's first romance. These fillips to the film's vitality are so effective as to induce a slight regret for the persistent denial of speech to the rest of the characters. For all that, "Le Roman d'un Tricheur" has a freshness of attack and a subtlety of humour which stamp it as a definite contribution to the modern adult screen.

An eccentric will plays its useful part in launching a medley of farce, romance and melody in "DOUBLE OR NOTHING," at the Carlton. Drawn up by a millionaire, who owed his wealth to his integrity and intelligence—qualities which he obviously failed to discover in his brother and heir-presumptive—the will contains instructions for the dissemination of several wallets containing money, with a large reward for the finders who are honest enough to return them. Four people earn the reward, and the chance of inheriting a fortune if they double their money in thirty days. As Bing Crosby is one of the competitors, the prize scarcely trembles in the balance, though the success of his new night-club is suitably menaced. The light-hearted piece shows plenty of comic invention in the attempts of the possible legatees to fulfil the terms of the will and the efforts of the brother to frustrate them. Indeed, the actual story is such good fun that it might well have stayed the course without the prolonged variety show at the end, even, I think, without Martha Raye's musical contributions—not so musical to me—and, let me whisper it, without all Mr. Crosby's crooneries. Andy Devine's plaintive "tough" is a pillar of strength in this lively entertainment, which keeps a surprise tucked up its sleeve for an effective climax.

And: Thomas Mowbray, bearing, on his quarrelsome shoulder like a chip, the augmentation, granted by Richard himself, which caused so much trouble to a future "Mowbray." This is GLEN BYAM SHAW.

Next: Bolingbroke—Lancaster's son (later Henry IV.)—with the particular displayed eagle of his choice. This is MICHAEL REDGRAVE.

Lightly, gaily, and impudently, "CAFÉ METROPOLE" (Gaumont, Haymarket), upsets the old axiom that "honesty is the best policy" as surely as does M. Guitry's satirical essay on a kindred subject. For Victor, manager of a fashionable Parisian restaurant, has been helping himself to loans from the cash-box, and proposes to make good the deficit out of the pocket of his richest client, a New York magnate. He uses a penniless young American, who has given him a worthless cheque, to further his schemes, forcing the good-looking youngster to pose as a Russian prince, and as such to woo the magnate's romantic daughter. And, behold, Victor collars a cool million whilst the impostor wins his lady, though he does cry the bargain off when he and the girl fall in love. We could expect no less from so pleasant a young man as Tyrone Power, who endows the fake prince with an engaging if vacillating accent. As for Victor, he is, in the person of Adolphe Menjou, such a plausible rogue, so dexterous in wriggling out of tight corners, so courteous and entertaining, that we can but applaud his audacity and his success. "Café Metropole" is decidedly Menjou's picture, charmingly decorated though it is by Loretta Young, and strengthened by Charles Winninger and Helen Westley's excellent comedy. The director, Edward H. Griffith, handles a complicated story adroitly, though some of the situations are prolonged beyond the strength of the play's brittle but often sparkling fabric.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XVI.

A NEW STAR IS BORN—
JANET GAYNOR CHANGES HER STYLE.

JANET GAYNOR *plays Esther Blodgett, the screen-struck "hick-town" girl who scales the heights of Hollywood, in the Technicolor film "A Star is Born," at the Tivoli. Norman Maine (*FREDRIC MARCH*), reigning star and drunkard, invades the kitchen during a Hollywood party, finds Esther, and, learning she wants to act, grabs her by the hand, takes her away, and persuades a producer to have her screen-tested.*

Renamed Vicki Lester for the screen, the girl is put through the grooming process and marries Norman Maine. Here he is showing her the vast estate which is his wedding present to her.

As Vicki's career sky-rockets, Norman is told his acting punch has gone. A banquet is given for Vicki, and a statuette awarded her for excellence. In the middle of it Norman appears, drunk, and makes a scene.

*Norman drowns himself, and Vicki is induced by the producer, Oliver Niles (*ADOLPHE MENJOU*; right), to return to the screen. Lettie (*MAY ROBSON*) is on the left, and Danny McGuire (*ANDY DEVINE*), an assistant director, is in the centre.*

JANET GAYNOR *as herself. Her acting in this new film, which gives her considerable scope, is spellbinding—as different from her old sugary tactics as chalk from cheese.*

"GOING GREEK" WITH LESLIE HENSON GRIMACES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

"WANTED FOR MURDER," AT THE LYCEUM.

"WANTED FOR MURDER," at the Lyceum, is a play which has a strangler as its chief character. The part of Victor, who specialises in murdering inoffensive girls by strangulation, is admirably played by Terence de Marney; and Louise Hampton is his unfortunate mother, who finally realises that the man wanted by the police for the crimes is her son. She tries to destroy the evidence against him in his own diary, where he keeps a record of his evil deeds, but when she realises that there is also a forecast of yet another murder to come, she rushes off to the police to try to prevent it.

Victor Colebrooke, the strangler (TERENCE DE MARNEY), *visits the Chamber of Horrors at Mme. Tussaud's and examines the noose: an ancestor was a public hangman!*

Mrs. Colebrooke (LOUISE HAMPTON) *realises that her beloved son Victor is the cold-blooded strangler, a lunatic with a craving for killing, for whom the police are searching.*

Victor Colebrooke starts to strangle one of his victims, Gwynneth Thomas (EDNA DAVIES), *a little Welsh servant-girl, in Richmond Park.*

Gwynneth Thomas, the latest victim of the strangler, lies dead in Richmond Park, while Sergeant Sullivan (ARTHUR SINCLAIR; *at the back*) *and Superintendent Condon* (AUSTIN TREVOR) *look for clues.*

Sergeant Sullivan (left) and Superintendent Condon suspect Victor of being the murderer for whom they are looking.

Left: Mrs. Colebrooke gets positive proof that her son Victor is the criminal for whom the police are searching. She discovers that he keeps a record of his crimes in a little black book.

Go South this year

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."—*Johnson.*

WHY not follow Dr. Johnson's precept this year? Break away from the conventional: adventure forth to visit new scenes, to see things as they are.

The fascination of bringing into the orbit of reality place names and scenes so vividly described in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines": the thrill of following in the footsteps of Livingstone and other famous explorers—these are memories that endure.

Africa presents a variety of new experiences to her guests. At one end of the scale there are the Greatest River Wonder and the largest Wild Life Sanctuary in existence; at the other, modern cities and delightful health resorts where the tempo of life is planned for rest, recuperation and amusement. Over all the sun spreads his genial influence, brightening each and every day throughout the year with eight or nine hours of glorious sunshine.

Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IT is a sad commentary on the times we live in that nearly any novel which aspires to be romantic must be concerned with the unfamiliar, must be strange to us either in setting or period or language. No doubt this has always been the case, more or less. Until quite recently it was almost a rule of literary art that tragedy should be enacted by kings and queens and persons of exalted station: the lives of meaner beings yielded no material for the exercise of the nobler emotions. When this convention was broken down it was seen at once to be snobbish and absurd. But was it really so? Was not the instinct that found a stronger dose of romance in royalty than elsewhere the same instinct that searches for it, no longer perhaps in royalty, but in the lives of cinema stars and gangsters, or in remote places of the world, or in the past, or in the future, or in any form of experience, any set of circumstances that is unlike our own?

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF GREECE *on the Excelsior Beach of the Lido. She is the only child of the late King Alexander and Princess Aspasia, and is now in her sixteenth year. She and her mother have been spending the summer in Venice, where they have a house.*

MISS CONSTANTIA RUMBOLD, *only daughter of Sir Horace Rumbold, British Ambassador in Berlin from 1928 to 1933, has been staying at the Villa Malcontenta, near Venice, where this photograph was taken.*

"When the Wind Blows." Certainly, if Miss Brysson Morrison had set the scene of her new novel, "When the Wind Blows," in modern Glasgow instead of Glasgow a hundred years ago, it would have seemed much less romantic than it does with the patina of a century on it. Indeed, a characteristically modern attempt to romanticise Glasgow was made a little while back in a book called "No Mean City." Razor kings slashed each other and terrorised the neighbourhood, while the scene shifted from dance hall to bar and bedroom. We should find little to stir the imagination in the idea of a rich and purse-proud family losing their money, obliged to put up with less illustrious alliances than they considered their due, and to send their younger sons to make a living in the Colonies.

Then and Now. Yet, projected a hundred years back, these prosaic happenings do take on a romantic air. To begin with, Mr. Murray is not a business man, but a merchant, which somehow helps. Peter MacDiarmid is a tailor, but a tailor who lives under the sign of a pair of shears, a tailor of romance. Bartle is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, but a minister who can be expelled when a parcel of hard-faced Elders bring a technical but, from a Christian standpoint, extremely unimportant charge of heresy against him. Jamaica is not a comparatively near port of call for passengers bound on a pleasure cruise, but a fabulous island the other side of the world, from which leave can only be obtained at five-year intervals. The affairs of the family are not discussed in irreverent Cockney accents by a domestic staff of brief duration and notable independence of outlook, but by old family retainers who have known each child from its infancy and marked its peculiarities with affectionate if clear-sighted eyes.

"No comings-o'-age ben this hoose noo, no weddings or christenings or such-like—a' that's left for us to do is bury them" [comments Annie Cupples when Miss Morrison's chronicle is nearly over]. "Mind ye," she continued, her head nodding and her round eyes on Bella, "there's some wha doesna tak' to Miss Clementina, but I aye put in a guid word for her. If she says she's going to gie ye a thing she aye minds to do it, although it may be so sma' ithers would forget a' aboot it."

No doubt the sting in the tail would keep some of its venom if translated into B.B.C. English; but how the passage as a whole would lose if put into modern parlance and stripped of its Scottish dress! Or the admission of old Teenie Brebner, the mole-catcher's wife, "I juist let my mind drap in the winter": how flat it sounds with the dialect drained from it! Even the (to me) incomprehensible statement, "Melissa was always so vogie that it was a delight to be with her," would lose its immense suggestion of praise if one knew what "vogie" meant. (Not "vogue-y," surely? That would be too disillusioning.)

Miss Morrison has, too, the advantage of writing about an epoch when the affections were held in more esteem than they now are—at any rate, in fiction. Her characters make mistakes from pride, proper and improper, obstinacy, insane puritanism, and many other causes, but at least they act from motives connected with the heart, not from any abstract theory of self-development or class-consciousness. Beauty and poetry are her aim. She is aware, perhaps too much aware, of this; the cadences of her prose are, one feels, deliberately designed to be "haunting." Still, the main thing is that they do haunt, and continue to charm one's inward ear long after the book is laid aside.

"You're in the Racket, Too." This novel is an attempt to wring romance out of contemporary life. Let me say at once that it fulfils some of the conditions of romantic fiction. Mr. James Curtis writes of happenings and scenes unfamiliar to most of the novel-reading public—unfamiliar, that is, except in novels. Snowey, his hero, has been frequently in prison for various offences ("Six cons. All in all, they'd sentenced him to three stretch in stir"), and is now ripe for the burglary he presently commits. His side-line is blackmail. With the help of the kind but undiscriminating Pidgy, he hatches a plot whereby he may take her *in flagrante delicto* with another lover. The plot works, and the unfortunate Dickie, already suspected of burglary by the police and seeing his chance of marrying his employer's daughter growing more remote, comes to terms with his persecutor. He is only saved by another persecutor, the detective who drags the whole story out of him. One sees the elements of romance in all this: the possibility, for the routine-tired reader, to frequent a society so different from his own, to hear dialogue so different that it might be (and, indeed, often is) another language, and to satisfy the prevailing snobbery which finds the "bad" as stimulating to our imaginations as was

Competitors in the Swiss National Golf Championships at Gstaad having a swim after their finals: MAURICE HALFF, *the French playwright;* IRENE EDWARDS, *of Surrey, who was runner-up in two events;* MME. SIMONE MATTHIEU, *Champion of France, and winner of both singles and doubles championships; and* COLETTE BOEGNER, *winner, with Simone Matthieu, of the doubles.*

[*Continued on page* XIV.

Silver Fox—with a look of wide revers—lies flat on the shoulders of a black, corded velour-cloth coat. New line, slightly flared skirt and girdled waist. The Younger Set Coat Salon copies the model in black or colours for 35 Gns.
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The Sketch Diary of Fashion

Autumn Fashion Number.

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

IN a season when clothes are more lovely than any we have seen for many years, hats are triumphantly playing their part. They are as versatile as the women who will wear them, but they are never difficult, even in their most exaggerated moods. Whether you choose a high hat, an off-the-face hat, a grand hat, or a little-woman hat, you will be able to find one that adds wit to your costume and charm to your face.

Could anything be kinder or more attractive than the béret at the head of this page? In black felt, the pleated brim is cut sharply in two, and divided by the petersham ribbon which forms the bandeau.

The hat on the left is of black felt with an upturned brim and a crown that sweeps forward and is folded over with a twist of cerise velvet threaded through the opening. It is worn with a fine woollen dress, embroidered round the neck with gold sequins and beads, with rayed tucks set into the flat diaphragm. It is made in black and several delightful colours, and it costs 5½ guineas at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. The hats and the magnificently marked silver foxes also come from them.

JOHN EVERARD.

I.9.

when,
in a mad
moment,
you have "put on"
far more
than
you really should . . .

have you ever noticed
the comforting way
in which
a cigarette
seems
to restore
your
confidence . . .

and
helps you
over
those paralysing
few minutes
before
the
start ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING A BRIDE.

A luxurious and graceful coat of Russian ermine, the pure white skins worked diagonally to emphasise the fullness that dips gently at the back. The front is straight, and the raglan sleeves do not break the line of the squared shoulders. It comes from Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, London, W.

JOHN EVERARD

ONE of the best things, anyway, is that, from a clothes point of view, one starts from scratch. There is nothing more exhilarating than being able to plan exactly what one wants to wear, and being able to buy it with a clear conscience.

This is a perfect year for brides, for romance rules the fashion world. No bother this autumn about choosing a Going-Away outfit. If somebody is giving you a fur coat, there are numberless afternoon dresses, mostly indescribable, but designed to establish feminine supremacy through the subtlest sort of charm. And if you prefer a suit—nothing could be more alluring than the fur-trimmed, fox-swathed jackets that cling to the waist and curve about the hips, nor could colours be more flattering than the new range of claret and rust shades and violet-blues, with a marvellous slate-blue or sea-green for those who prefer between-tones.

By night you can be as alluring as any film-star. Pin your faith to sheath-like dinner dresses, daringly transparent at the top, or cut high at the back and front, with piquant slits and wide lacings. When you are going to a theatre, wear a draped bandeau and a full veil over your head, stabbing the folds with a jewelled pin.

Then, for really grand occasions, have a bouffant frock, light as a cloud, with delicate drapery about the bosom, and a very tight corselet about the waist. Choose it in colour, to contrast with your wedding-dress and your black dinner-dresses.

ONE good tailored outfit—suit, with top-coat to match—several woollen sweaters and cardigans and one or two blouses, a couple of embroidered boleros that can be worn over afternoon or evening frocks—and you 'll have the main items of a comprehensive wardrobe.

So far as is possible, build up everything on one foundation. Have either black or rust as your basic colour, using violet/blues, claret, emerald green, or vivid plaids with the former, and orange, prune, chartreuse, or aquamarine with the latter.

Don't be afraid to spend money on accessories that are going to last, and don't overlook the importance of inexpensive details that will give life to plain frocks. There is a feeling for massive gilt jewellery which costs very little, and you can have great fun with bright velvet ribbons, for Paris knots them in furs and puts bows at the neck.

Instead of carrying an evening bag make yourself a star-shaped muff of embroidered velvet. Let yourself go on narrow brightly coloured belts to wear with your suits, and on deep sequin bands for the evening.

As for house clothes—so indispensable in the rush of modern life—remember that pyjamas are coming back into favour—and whatever happens have one or two house-coats to wear when you are dining alone, or perhaps when your best friends come to see you. Have one in velvet for their benefit, and one made of chenille—soft and light and delicious — for your own.

For the rest, buy only the things you need, and strong-mindedly put away the rest of your trousseau cheque, for in these quickly-changing times it is bad policy to hoard.

Demure and young, the wedding-dress on the facing page is like the fabric of a dream. Made in white and gold moiré-lamé, it is fastened with buttons of pale-gold diamanté, and the tremendously full skirt sweeps into a dramatic train. The head-dress, so like a mantilla, is faintly gold, with a wreath of tiny flowers on the hair, and a short veil. They come from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

YOU MUST WEAR FURS THIS WINTER

THERE are years when fur is not tremendously important. But this is not one of them. You will find few winter coats that are not weighted down with fox, or Persian lamb, or sable-dyed squirrel, and you will succumb to their charm, for they are very flattering. There are three main silhouettes. The first as slender as a pencil, the second narrow-waisted and flared slightly at the hem, and the third loose and chunky and big.

The photograph below shows just how graceful a pencil silhouette can be. The coat is of pure wool angora, with wedge-shaped panels at the back and slanting pockets set youthfully across the hips, while the silver-fox collar sprays softly forward with the four paws at the waist. It is worn with a high hat trimmed with a silver-fox pompon, it can be made in brown, and it comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

THE coat above is one that will have a particular appeal for the carefree and vigorous. It is made in a black novelty ribbed bouclé, it has a wide plastron top and the new, straight line across the narrow waist, and it is trimmed with Persian lamb. Price 16 guineas. The double-brimmed Cossack hat is of felt, with a Persian lamb bow at the back.

The wrap coat, made in brown, navy, or black pure wool bouclé, ties at the waist with sash ends and has a luxurious collar of sable-dyed split squirrel, beautifully worked. The felt hat is trimmed at the front with brown fur buttons, and these two outfits also come from Harrods.

JOHN EVERARD

BLACK BRIGHTNESS

LONGER JACKETS

BLACK, black, and more black. That is Fashion's story. But always there is a touch of brightness about it, given either by metal embroideries, by sequins, or by splashes of vivid colour. Two new suit silhouettes are shown on this page. The girl in the larger picture wears a charming black dress woven with worsted mohair. The bodice is embroidered with silver thongs, the lower row bordering the inset sash, which pulls flat across the diaphragm and falls loosely at the back. The plastron and the upper part of the sleeves of the straight little coat are of Indian lamb.

The second suit is neat and slender and gay. Made in a soft, black woollen fabric, the collar and pockets of the hip-length jacket are made of braid worked to look like fur, while the skirt has two straight box-pleats down the front, and the blouse (shown in detail in the sketch) is half of black and half of cerise crêpe. It costs 19½ guineas complete, and, with the first suit, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"IT was on the Sunday," declared The Broker. "You will see that the reference-books give it as a Monday, but that 's just a gesture to convention."

"How do you know it happened on the Sunday?" The City Editor asked curiously. "Not many people were told."

"The Bank of England Court and the Stock Exchange Committee——"

"It wasn't from any of them that you heard?"

"Is that so? Well, anyway, they decided to go off the Gold Standard, to raise Bank Rate to six per cent., and to close the Stock Exchange until further notice. That all happened on the Sunday, September the Twentieth, 1931."

"How long was the House closed?" The Merchant enquired.

"For two whole days. On the Tuesday night it started to rain, so the Committee decided to let us go back on Wednesday."

"I wonder if it was a good thing for us to leave the Gold Standard?"

"You need not wonder for long. It was the only sensible thing to do: bound to happen sooner or later. It saved the situation——"

"And led up to the long boom in gold and gold-mining shares."

"It set our country on its feet: that, and the change-over from Free Trade to Protection."

"The Consol Market got it in the neck at that time, though. Don't you remember that the Stock Exchange was reopened on the Saturday, for the first time since fourteen years before, and the Continent sold British Government stocks by the cartload?"

"They must have got wind of our going off the Gold Standard, I suppose."

"Somebody had a very shrewd idea, of course. I believe it 's true that reopening the House on that particular Saturday cost the Consol Market well over two million pounds."

"It was nearer three millions, I heard," said The City Editor. "But some of the loss must have come back; and it 's ancient history now, anyway."

"There are some hefty losses to be met at this End September account," remarked The Jobber. "A pal of mine saw his paper profit of eight hundred pounds melt into an actual loss of two thousand quid in three weeks."

"Why didn't he take his eight hundred?" The Engineer wanted to know.

"Because he expected it would be a thousand if he waited a couple of days. Instead of which, he got caught in the Yankee slump."

"Then it was his own fault for being greedy, eh?"

"Put it that way if you like. Personally, I should say it was jolly bad luck. And I think most people would agree with me."

He looked round for support.

"Considering that we have all been in the same position as your pal," The Jobber continued, "you can't very well expect us to contradict you, whatever we may think about it from the abstract point of view."

"In the Stock Exchange," said The Broker, with a touch of superiority, "we deal less in the abstract than in the concrete."

"Are you referring more particularly to Cement shares?" The Engineer suggested. "I notice that their prices have been somewhat heavy lately."

"You don't think the public have lost their taste for Industrials? I must say it rather looks like it. Here and there, I mean."

"Don't you worry about that," The Broker reassured him. "As a matter of fact, prices in that market have held up remarkably well——"

"Brewery shares are lower."

"Iron and steel have gone back."

"Building shares are very dull."

"Shipping prices are well under the best."

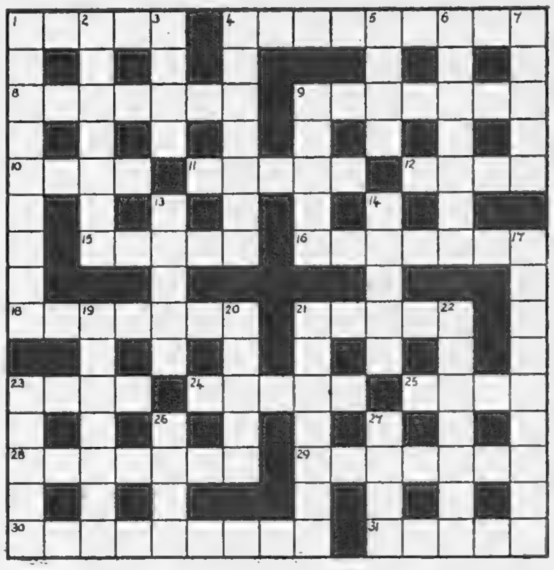
"But not under the weather," The Broker made his little joke with much gusto.

"Why have all these things gone back?" The Merchant demanded.

"China and Japan; Yankee slump; Mediterranean mysteries."

"More sellers than buyers," said The Jobber, quoting the Stock Exchange tag

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. She might easily become the queen of France (5).
4. Irish fruit sellers (9).
8. First-rate town (7).
9. Traditional stories that are suggestive of feet (7).
10. Suitable gathering of cyclists (4).
11. This 9 down means obsolete old muskets (5).
12. Remain in the form of a support (4).
15. To the leopard such localities are unchangeable (5).
16. Little Samuel has an operatic song in old Palestine (7).
18. These leather workers are simply made of money (7).
21. This German town is not easily discouraged, evidently (5).
23. Drinks up in a ship (4).
24. Smoothing tree (5).
25. German drink with grave associations (4).
28. Sat in disorderly fashion around a stubborn beast (7).
29. Joining together (7).
30. This bird sounds ideal for the picnicker (9).
31. There seems some doubt about this power (5).

DOWN.

1. By no means an upright clergyman (9).
2. State conveyance (7).
3. Common newts (4).
4. The herald's gold has an inclination in France (7).
5. Hoaxes that prevent one from speaking (4).
6. Lizard, iron-clad, or senior pupil (7).
7. Affirmative turned to negative in curious fashion (5).
9. These do not mean tresses to the bargee (5).
13. Cricket shelter? (5).
14. Scope (5).
17. He made a spinning-frame, not Noah's vessel (9).
19. By arrangement this god might write a melody (7).
20. Fish trodden underfoot (5).
21. This relieved the monk of his 9 down (7).
22. Fence (7).
23. Body of workers employed by the composer (5).
26. Liquor soon made (4).
27. Steady partnership (4).

"That so-called explanation always gets my goat," The Broker declared. "It 's so hopelessly inane."

"But perfectly correct," The Jobber defended. "You know that quite well."

"Of course I do. What people want to know, you ass, is *why* there are more sellers than buyers."

"I 've just told you," said The City Editor. "China and Japan; Yankee slump; Mussolini."

"You said Mediterranean——"

"Same thing, they think in the House. He and Hitler and Roosevelt are capable of upsetting all the apple-carts in Europe."

"Some of the things ought to be cheap! By the way, our old friend Roan Antelope is a real star turn, isn't it?"

The Broker said they could afford to laugh, now that the price was three times higher than it used to be when, he recalled, "we were ridiculed for being such fools as to believe in a Rhodesian copper mine."

"It 's a pity we didn't sell all that we had in other companies and put the lot into Roans," said The Engineer. "I wonder if West Wit. will ever turn out in the same way."

"You had your chance of making really big money out of West Wits."

"Ah, but you told us not to sell."

"Pardon me. What I said was that I thought the shares would pay to keep for future reference."

"We couldn't sell in the face of advice like that from so distinguished a financier."

"I got out of mine," The Jobber remarked. "Sold the shares at fifteen, and saw the price rise three pounds within the next six days."

"Cursing yourself for selling, eh?"

"Perfectly true. I stood in the Deep Market one morning, hesitating whether to buy them back at $17\frac{3}{4}$, and just then one of the waiters came along with a watering-can and—and—my foot got in the way, and I am ten pounds a share better off, because I forgot all about West Wits. in the excitement of that moment."

"If it hadn't been for the slump in Americans, the whole House would be tolerably good just now," The Jobber maintained. "That Yankee Market has done an ink—ink——"

"Incalculable?" suggested The City Editor.

"Ah, that 's it. The Yankee Market has done everybody a real bad turn, and nobody can tell how far the damage may extend."

"Do you reckon that there 's any big account open in Americans for our own people?"

"Quite big enough to be comfy; and when you get the Americans gambling over here——"

"I beg your pardon?"

"The New York Stock Exchange is so handicapped by restrictions that some of the Wall Street people transferred their accounts to London, and have opened positions on this side."

"You 're sure of that?" The City Editor enquired.

"Well, I don't deal for any of the American groups myself," The Broker replied, "but that is what people are saying."

"I wonder whether it 's true."

"The selling of British Industrial shares, to pay for losses in the Yankee Market, makes one sceptical about that story," The City Editor contended.

"What we can't get people to understand is the connection between American shares and, say, our brewery, shipping, and aircraft industries."

"There 's mighty little direct connection," said The Engineer. "But if I had to find an unexpected thousand pounds to meet losses in Americans, I should be obliged to sell something."

"Why don't the public understand what you call the connection between one market and another?"

"Because they cannot see the orders that we brokers are getting to sell good stuff for money-raising purposes. And there 's no excess of buying power just now in any of the markets."

"You financial guides, philosophers and friends are wonderful fellows when prices are on the rise, and everything in the garden is lovely. When the tide turns, you are a glum, dejected lot: afraid of your own shadows, and unable to see aught but stagnation, starvation, and damnation."

"And what does it look like through your own telescope, may we ask?"

"My telescope," returned The Jobber, "shows a man ready to take the rough with the smooth. Ready to say: 'We 've seen all this before and the recovery that comes after it.' Ready to laugh at himself for missing the boat and rubbing it in to wait for the next."

"Excuse me," said The City Editor, leaning forward; "but can you tell me where you park your telescope?"

The Jobber bowed. "I rather think I last saw it in the Old Broad Street cloak-room of the Stock Exchange," said he. *Friday, Sept. 17, 1937.*

This England . . .

Poole Harbour from Ballard Down—Dorset

THERE has never been any nonsense about the men of Dorset — men of peace, liking their comforts, they would nevertheless fight to keep them. Dourly they drove off the Danes, but would have no truck with the Norman and Plantagenet struggles. And when the Civil war was upon them, there arose the "clubmen," who would bear no arms at the county musters, but punished indifferently and with vigour the Roundhead or Royalist caught plundering! To this spirit in our England we owe the continuance of the good things of English living to-day — justice, liberty, the genial life; nay, even your Worthington has not been tampered with since the days of leathern cups.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE Bicycle and Motor Cycle Show opens at Earl's Court to-day. I hear that all the latest motor-cycles are the last word in silence, which shows what the British motor-cycle industry can do when it tries. The trouble is that so many exuberant young men, heedless of the vast sums which have been spent on silencer research, remove the exhaust system and fit something which they are told will give a more "sporting" note. In addition to motor-cycles of the more orthodox type, there are several examples this year of the ultra-light machine, but more presentable than those rather ludicrous-looking "one gnat-power" motor-cycles on which French workmen are wont to get about.

The TRIUMPH DOLOMITE DE LUXE SALOON *at Upton-on-Severn, with the river in the background.*

So much for two-wheelers. Naturally my readers' interest is concentrated on the car show, which opens on Thursday, Oct. 14. Here, again, there will be a lot of new stuff, but many of the best-known firms have announced "no change" programmes. This morning's post brought me an announcement that there will be no change in the design of the chassis of the "Phantom III." or 25-30-h.p. Rolls-Royce, or the 4½-litre Bentley. The M.G. Car Company are also carrying on their present types without alterations. These types include the M.G. "Midget," unchanged since June 1936, the 1½-litre model, shown for the first time at Olympia last year, and the 2-litre. On the last chassis a new and attractive open four-seater body will make its first appearance at Earl's Court. This car is provided with cut-away doors and a disappearing hood and will sell at £399.

Another advocate of the "no change" policy is Vauxhall Motors, which will continue to produce the 12-h.p. and 14-h.p. models in their present form. There is, however, a new body-type on the 12-h.p.—a saloon selling at £215; the new price of the 14-h.p. de luxe saloon is £225, that of the 14-h.p. touring saloon being £230. I hear rumours that the 25-h.p. Vauxhall has been made more attractive than ever as a 1938 model. Then there is news from Armstrong Siddeleys. The new 14-h.p., 17-h.p., and 25-h.p. models have all got a new system described as "balanced drive." The idea seems to be that the flywheel, as such, has been eliminated, letting the necessarily heavy running-gear of the Armstrong Siddeley gear-box take its place. The new Armstrong Siddeleys have unit construction of engine and gear-box, and the engine is furthermore mounted on rubber, low down at the front and high up at the back, in a manner that has been found to eliminate vibration almost entirely.

Last, but not least, while talking of the Motor Show, I must mention that the opening day will henceforth be known as "Ladies' Day," for every male visitor to the Show will have the privilege of taking in one lady, free of charge!

The sporting world is no less busy than that of industry. Raymond Mays, the idol of the crowd at Shelsley Walsh, has lost his laurels to A. F. P. Fane, for the latter took his record at the famous Worcestershire hill-climb the other day, when Mays was racing, unfortunately without success, at Phœnix Park, Dublin. Now we shall have to wait until next year to see if Raymond Mays can get his record back again. Fane has been doing great deeds on a Frazer-Nash B.M.W., a very fast 2-litre German car, but his success at Shelsley the other day was achieved on a British-built Frazer-Nash of the type beloved by the "Chain Gang."

I take off my hat, too, to Miss Joan Richmond for her courage in driving a strange contraption christened "Fuzzi," and on being placed second only to Mrs. Kay Petre in a factory-produced Austin "Seven" racer. The "Fuzzi" is a rare and unique vehicle which,

The attractive 17-H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY *6-window* SALOON *appeals to the motorist who wants high performance with roomy, yet compact and stylish, coachwork.*

I should think, will not be placed on the market, for it has two motor-cycle engines, which are started up in turn! At Shelsley Walsh I saw Miss "Jackie" Astbury, whom you will remember reading about a couple of years ago, owing to the successes she achieved in the Monte Carlo Rally and Alpine Trial, as well as countless other events. She has been very ill indeed, but was looking very bonny when hundreds of motoring friends crowded round congratulating her on her recovery.

After Shelsley I hied me to Lilleshall Hall, former seat of the Dukes of Sutherland, where about 700 enthusiastic Morris owners forgathered from all parts of the country. One enthusiast even came from Perth to take part in the coachwork show, balloon-bursting competition, slow race, musical chairs, and other events! It is a tribute to the enthusiasm of people who have Morris cars that they stayed the whole afternoon, with rain falling in torrents. To use a well-worn phrase, "A good time was had by all," and practically nobody left before Mrs. Wisdom had presented the prizes, standing under a dripping awning.

MRS. KAY PETRE *judging cars at the* MORRIS OWNERS' RALLY *at Lilleshall Hall.*

Time and the Wolseleys

AS WITH your favourite wooden club, so with your Wolseley. First you find you drive better and then, in the end, you feel you couldn't bear to part with it. You come to depend on its unfailing efficiency. Its comfort grows on you. Even the seats (designed with anatomical correctness) become part of you. Fortunately it is a car you can afford to keep "a little longer". Time is on your side. For no car has a better exchange value than a Wolseley. And looked at that way you can be the owner of a car of real distinction — a car that's really more in your line . . .

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXVII.

"PLAYING" CONVENTIONS.

It was pretty obvious that when the contract enthusiast had come to the end of his bidding stunts, he would have a shot at playing stunts; or it may be, at long last, experts have come round to my way of thinking that there is more to be made at contract by good play than by artificial bidding; or, more crudely, by concentrating on the play of the cards and on nothing but the play of the cards. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that the play of the cards is well in the limelight at present, and is pushing the bidding systems on one side, which is a matter for congratulation all round, for the artistry of "play" is a very pretty one, while the mechanics of "bidding" are clumsy, tiresome, and at times ill-devised. Let me repeat: if you learn to play the cards, you will automatically learn to bid them; the reverse does not hold true. Arithmetic may help to bid your hand, but it won't help you one iota to play your hand, except, of course, in the matter of counting the cards played, and in this simple affair many players fail.

So now we are having a mild epidemic of playing devices; you might call them playing systems, all—so far as I am aware—new: that is to say, nothing like them was employed at whist or auction. Each one is exceedingly ingenious, and should be useful to all players, if only all players were wise to them. But that is the rub: these new-fangled ideas—these fancy plays—are unknown to 90 per cent. of ordinary club players: you cannot expect a casual partner to know anything about them, and it is impracticable to start operations at a club or at private bridge with an explanatory lecture on the subject. Hence, in my opinion, any new device or system for playing the cards is worthless, because, sound as these affairs may be, your partner won't understand them. Don't think I am trying to decry these methods *as methods*. All I say is that they won't work at amateur bridge. How many people, for instance, in this country ever heard of the "Four Aces" lead-directing double? Nothing could be more ingenious, but I, personally, have never come across it at the card-table, and I have never had a partner who played it. Then there is the "Two Way" call. This is better known, and is surely very cunning, and at the same time artistic. But how many players understand it, let alone make use of it? It works in this way: You know, when you play high-low to a plain suit, you "call" to show two only, or to request partner to lead on that suit; but when obviously it is clear that partner should *not* lead on his suit, you still "call" for another reason. If you drop a high card, you ask your partner to lead his highest ranking suit (not trumps), a low card means his lowest ranking suit.

Here is a hand played at duplicate, and published by a contemporary—

Spades—Q, Kn, 10, 7.
Hearts—K, Kn, 2.
Clubs—A, 10, 8.
Diamonds—A, 9, 8.

B

Y		Z
Spades—A, K, 9, 8, 2.		Spades—6, 3.
Hearts—8, 6, 4.	Y Z	Hearts—A, 5.
Clubs—Kn, 3.		Clubs—7, 5, 4, 2.
Diamonds—K, 6, 2.		Diamonds—Q, Kn, 10, [5, 3.

A

Spades—5, 4
Hearts—Q, 10, 9, 7, 3.
Clubs—K, Q, 9, 6.
Diamonds—7, 4.

A is playing a four-heart contract, and Y led the king of spades; Z played the six; and when you look at dummy, it is sure that Z is not giving the "come-on" signal. It means that he wants his partner to lead a diamond, the higher ranking suit. Had Z dropped the three on the king of spades, he would be asking for a club lead. A diamond lead at trick two saves the game—any other lead loses it. Now, that is a pretty cute convention you must admit; and when the cards lie nice and proper it works well, and I am quite prepared to allow that, as a rule, it will work well. But just change over a card or two and see what happens.

Spades—Q, Kn, 10, 7.
Hearts—K, Kn, 2.
Clubs—A, 10, 8.
Diamonds—A, 9, 8.

B

Y		Z
Spades—A, K, 9, 8, 2.		Spades—6.
Hearts—8, 6, 4.	Y Z	Hearts—A, 5.
Clubs—Kn, 3.		Clubs—7, 6, 5, 4, 2. [3.
Diamonds—K, 6, 2.		Diamonds—Kn, 10, 7, 5.

A

Spades—5, 4, 3.
Hearts—Q, 10, 9, 7 3.
Clubs—K, Q, 9.
Diamonds—Q, 4.

Here a diamond lead at trick two *loses* the game. Two rounds of spades, then a ruff, together with the ace of trumps save it. Or, if Z has his partner's two of spades, and that player has one of Z's clubs or diamonds instead, the only way to save the game is to "call" with the six; but this time as a "come-on" signal. Still, you can't have it every way, but, in the meantime, I suggest you leave these playing conventions to duplicate players.

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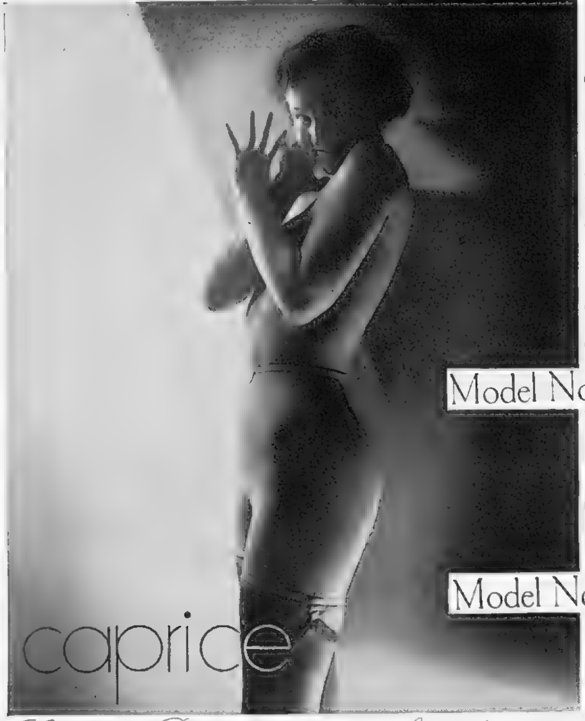

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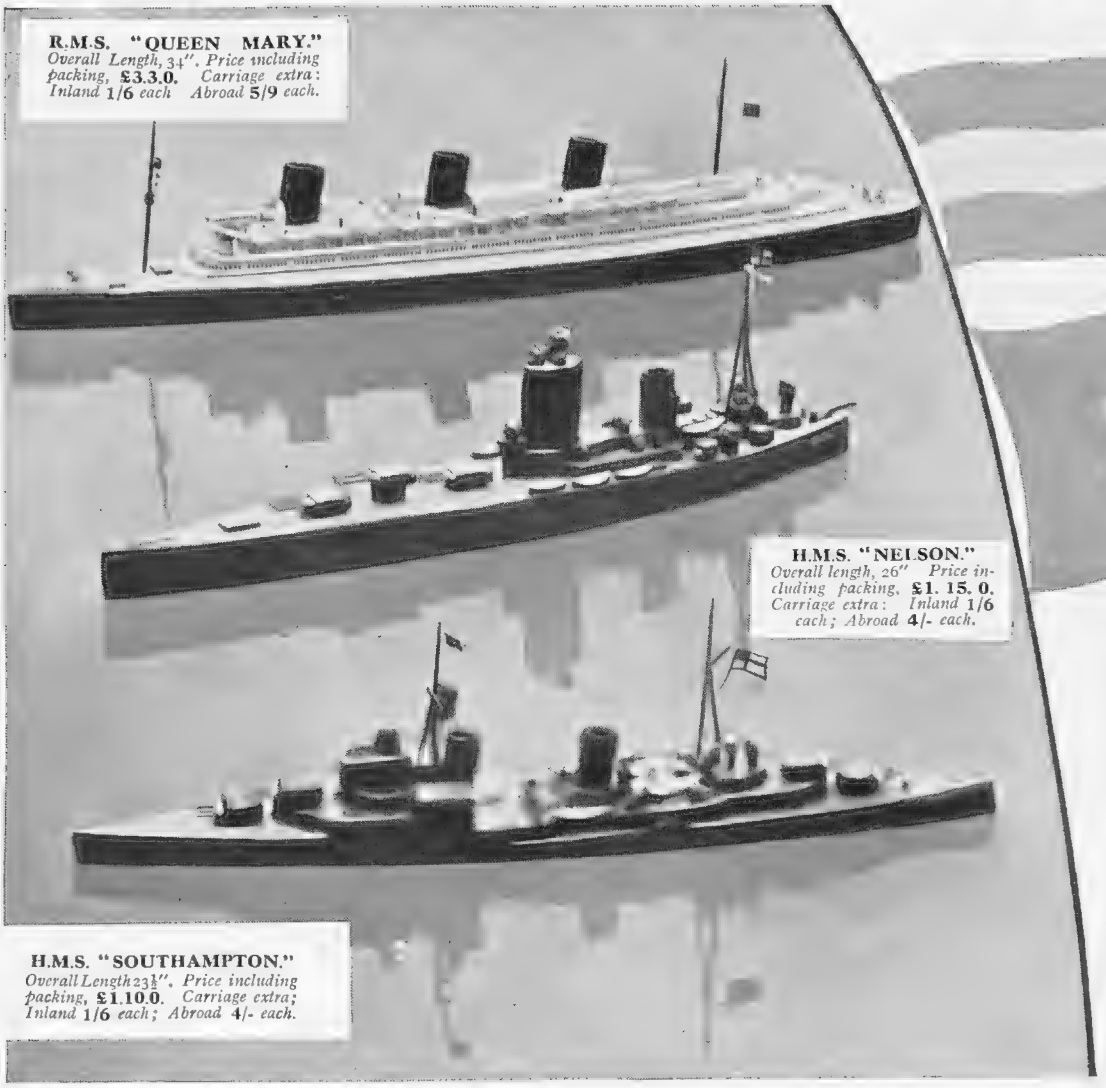

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

RUMOUR has it that some momentous decisions are to be taken at the autumn business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club next week. They concern the golf ball, clubs, and the rules. Fortunately, the Rules of Golf Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club does not hold its meetings in public. The members of that committee are criticised for its "sins" of omission and commission so frequently that it is a wonder that it is possible to find intelligent and frequently hard-worked business men who are willing to stand up as Aunt Sallys to all the indiscriminate brickbats that are hurled at the Rules of Golf Committee. But all the time, this committee is working quietly to ensure the greatest amount of pleasure for the greatest number of golfers, and only when their deliberations are completed are proposals for amendments in the rules presented to the main body of members of the Club. If rumour is correct in this instance—and I have reason to believe it is well founded—the fourteen-club restriction will be presented to the meeting and in all probability carried. It may be recalled that the proposal to limit the equipment of golfers to fourteen clubs was lost at the May meeting at St. Andrews. Actually, a majority of those present at the meeting voted in favour of the restriction, but, since a number did not vote at all, the two-thirds majority of those attending the meeting was not obtained. The United States Golf Association has already carried the ruling, which will come into force next year. Obviously there is a natural desire for unanimity between this country and America so far as possible; this may influence the meeting.

The FINALISTS *in the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges, organised by the "Bystander."* MISS PEGGY EDWARDS *(left), the holder, was beaten by 5 and 4 by* MISS LALLY VAGLIANO, *the only French entrant, who played very steady golf in the final.*

A Contentious Fraction.

It is also extremely likely that the vexed question of restricting the power of the golf ball will be tackled by adopting the American standard of a ball slightly larger but the same weight as the present British ball. If these changes are made, there will no doubt arise the customary storm of fruitless protest. Actually, the average golfer who has no aspirations to championships need not be at all concerned; in fact, only the very few players who can be called really expert will be affected to the slightest degree. Statistics have proved that about half of 1 per cent. of the golfers in this country habitually play with more than fourteen clubs, so that, while one might be inclined to the view that legislation is therefore unnecessary, any restriction as to the number of clubs may be received by the average player with purely academic interest. Very much the same applies to the golf-ball question. I doubt whether the majority of golfers would know the difference, or be handicapped by using a ball of the American dimension, which is only decimal nought six of an inch larger than the British ball. I know some fellow-members who always use this type of ball in the winter months, because it seems to sit up better. Because most of us think that we are better golfers than we are, the smaller ball is generally used. In adopting their specification, the United States Golf Association declared that their object was to find "an easier and pleasanter ball for the average golfer," and, so far as I have been able to observe, they have achieved this without penalising the first-class player unfairly. So I repeat again, the average golfer need not be concerned if some similar change is also made in this country.

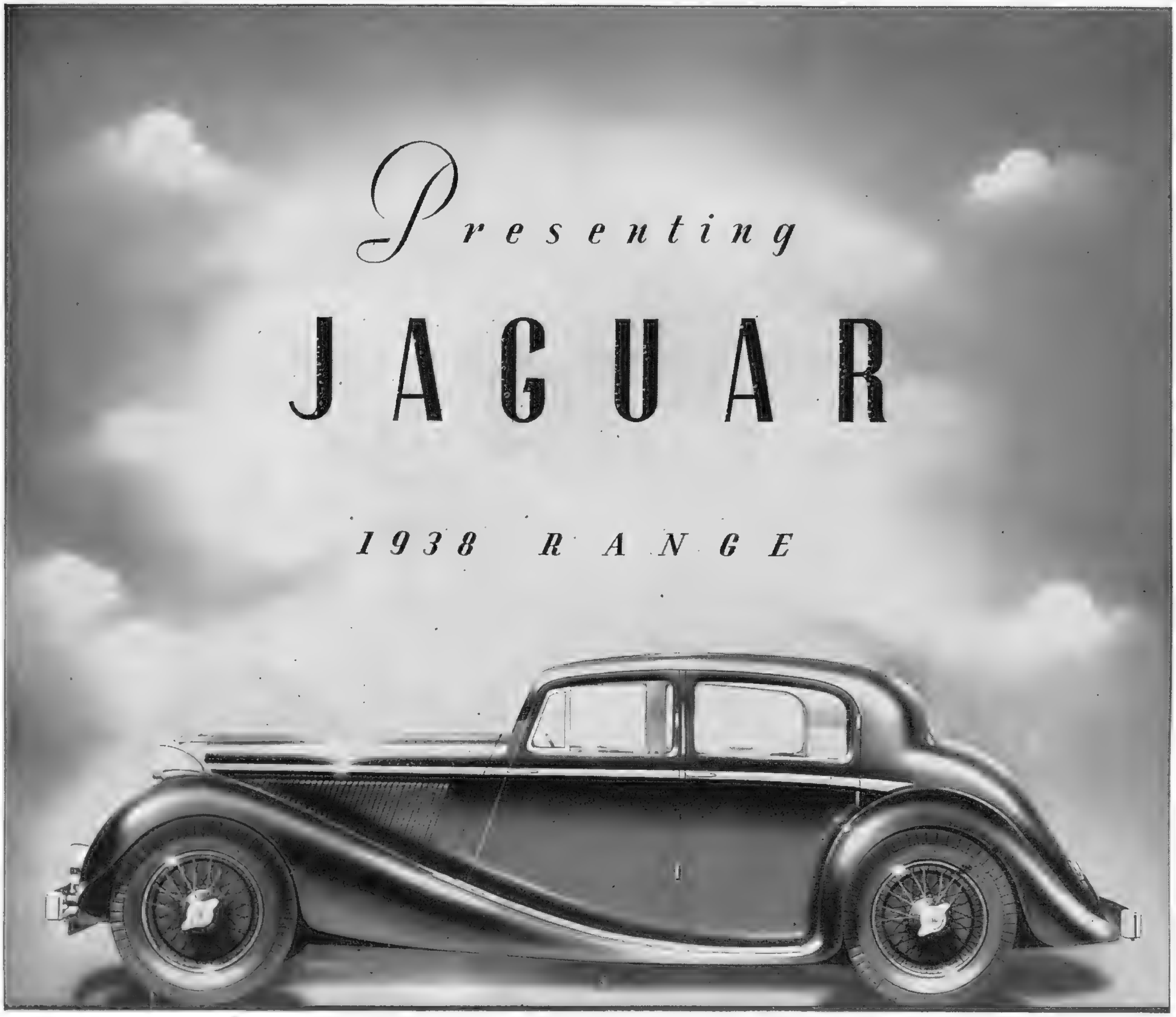
An "Impossible" Rule.

What may be regarded as a revolutionary measure is one which the Professional Golfers' Association has adopted, to be enforced in their stroke competitions next year. It rules that on the putting greens the ball nearer to the hole shall be putted first. This, they declare, will "save time," but one cannot help thinking that it may also save players from any hint that the ball was not replaced at the exact spot from which it was lifted. In the present rather slip-shod method of lifting a ball to enable an opponent to putt, there can arise some question on this point, especially when, as frequently, the spot is marked only by a small scratch on the green made with a peg tee. But the new P.G.A. ruling as it stands is both unnecessary and unworkable. Any question about replacing a ball can be obviated by the player, his marker, or his partner correctly marking the spot with a coin or some other small object. One possible contingency serves to prove the rule to be impracticable. Assuming the two balls on the putting green to lie so close together that it is impossible to putt the one nearer to the hole without striking the other ball; what is to be done then? According to the rules of golf, the ball nearer to the hole may be putted or lifted at the request of the other player under the penalty of disqualification. The P.G.A. ruling will presumably impose a similar penalty for contravention of their rule, and since neither ball can be lifted, an impasse will arise. I realise that this situation is not likely to occur frequently, but it serves to show what can happen when others meddle with the work of the Rules of Golf Committee.

I had intended to review the season's professional golf, but that must be held over until the curtain rings down on the big tournament now in progress at Wentworth, where all the champions are competing in what is their last great event of the year. Next week, lady golfers will provide the golf news in the English Championship at St. Enodoc, Cornwall. The absence of Miss Pam Barton, who has not fully recovered from indisposition, may detract a little from the Championship, but, with Miss Wanda Morgan, the holder, and Miss Phyllis Wade, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Molly Gourlay, and Mrs. Garon among the former champions taking part, there will be plenty of good golf to watch.

The WINNER *and the* RUNNER-UP *in the Irish Open Amateur Golf Championship.* MR. JOHN FITZSIMMONS *(left), steward of the Royal Portrush Golf Club, defeated* MR. R. A. McKINNA *(Gullane, Scotland), by 4 and 3 in the thirty-six-holes final of the Irish Amateur Golf Championship, played over the Royal Dublin links at Dollymount.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*



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TWO A.M.

(Continued from page 556.)

glass smashed in on the 'ands, and they was dead on two o'clock. So that fixes the time of the murder. Two o'clock: just the time when it's quietest 'ere, for it 's th' middle o' the night shifts, so no one 's comin' or goin', see? An' the watchman 'ud know it from 'is experience o' previous nights. I say two o'clock is the very time 'e 'd choose——" He broke off, and his face became rigid. "Lumme!" he muttered. "'Ere comes the very bloke! Hush—not a word to make 'im suspicious."

Into the light of the coffee-stall walked the slight figure of the watchman. The abrupt pause and the stares caused by his appearance seemed to annoy him, for he looked challengingly from one to another. As nobody spoke to him, however, he walked to the counter and said to the stall-owner:

"A strong cup o' coffee, chum, for I 've come over drowsy. 'Ere 's a tanner; an' there ain't no change."

"No change!" exclaimed the stall-owner. "There is. There 's fivepence change. Penny a cup, my coffee, for I ain't no blooming profiteer."

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"Ah!" nodded the watchman, sipping his coffee, and with the eyes of everyone dwelling on him. "Ain't you lucky you got an honest man to deal with. I owe yer fivepence, for last night I come over peckish, and as no one was about to see me neglect me duty, I nipped up 'ere for two hot dogs an' a bit o' bread. You wasn't 'ere, so I didn't leave the money, for fear someone 'ud pinch it."

"Wot yarn 's this?" asked the stall-owner, staring at him intently. "I was 'ere all last night, every minute."

"No, yer wasn't," retorted the watchman, with an argumentative sniff.

"When I come for my hot dogs yer wasn't here, an' I can tell yer wot time yer wasn't 'ere. By yer own clock on the shelf behind yer, it was two o'clock. Why, mate, wot 's made yer turn so white? 'Ave yer come over ill?"

There was a clammy hush. For one moment everyone remained as if deprived of life; then the stall-owner, with an inarticulate cry, made a dash for his door. But the coal-heaver got there first and shouted for the police.

[THE END.]

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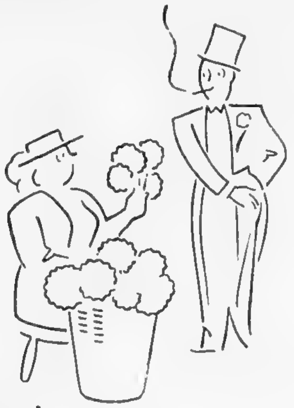

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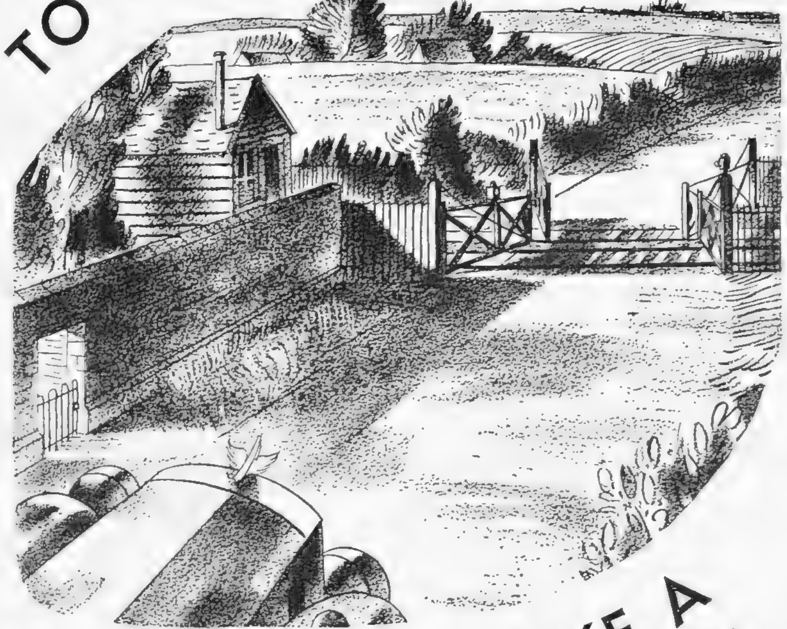

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 580)

the "good" to our immediate forebears. The other racketeers are less excitingly wicked. Ulrich Krebs has drawn Dickie into a shady scheme for their mutual enrichment; Mrs. Krebs is carrying on a rather spiritless intrigue with a professional lover who readily renounces his job and its emoluments when exposure threatens. Len, who drives a hard bargain with Snowey for his spoils, subsequently gives him away for the same reason. Pidgy, abandoned by both her protectors, finds a good-natured, unsuspecting girl of her own sort, and rewards her kindness by appropriating the man with, and on whom, she was living.

In fact, it is quite exhilarating how badly everyone behaves, and one cannot but congratulate the author on his success in writing a novel without one amiable character or (if we except Dickie's refusal to prosecute Snowey for blackmail) one generous impulse in it. Satire and romance are not easily combined, nor does Mr. Curtis attempt to combine them. For the purposes of his story, he accepts the standards of his characters and is never fussy or "governessy" with them. To enjoy his book, one must take it in the spirit in which it is written. It is a romance of crime and the criminal world, speaking the language, harbouring the thoughts, describing the actions appropriate to that world. Much of what is said, thought, and done will repel those readers whose imaginations get no "kick" out of crime; but they are probably in a minority.

"Little Valley." There is crime, too, in "Little Valley," but it does not dominate the story. Nor, perhaps, would public opinion in the Mexican valley have judged the feud between Juliano and Ben Ortiz, though it included two knifings and ended in a shooting affray, to be a crime at all. Ben had been the lover of Rosa, Juliano's wife, and the offence justified any steps the injured husband might take. Rosa's increasing reputation as a witch was a different matter. This the neighbourhood took with the utmost seriousness, so that finally she was compelled to leave it. She was not sorry to go. Since the affair with Ortiz, her life at home had not been happy: only José, her eldest boy, understood her. She preferred the ills that might fall to the lot of a miner's mother to those which had attended, were attending, and would attend a farmer's wife accused of witchcraft. In her absence Juliano and his brothers managed the farm with increasing lack of success; drought set in, and only State aid, administered by educated young female bureaucrats, saved the agriculturists of the valley from ruin. But Ben Ortiz, who had attained to some eminence in the district, more, presumably, by wits than by character, cheated the Government and impoverished his neighbours. Juliano felt that this was the moment to settle his old score. He had lost his left arm from a wound contracted in his scuffle with Ben. But he could still shoot with his right. . . .

Mr. Raymond Otis's pleasantly written novel has no claims to special distinction; but it gives what appears to be an unexaggerated and veracious account of this little Mexican community, with its strong, primitive feelings, its patient endurance of hardship, its implacable resentment of insult, its general acquiescence in the conventions and standards of its forefathers.

"Remembering Laughter." Another American novel with an agricultural setting, this time in Iowa, is Mr. Wallace Stegner's "Remembering Laughter." It is painted with intenser colours on a narrower canvas. There are no incidents demanding the intervention of the law; but if crime is absent, sin is not. Alec, the good-natured, full-blooded husband of cold, repressive Margaret Stuart, finds his wife's younger sister, Elspeth, a girl fresh from Scotland, far more sympathetic than his wife—

> "There 's a lot of things," he confided to Elspeth, "she doesn't understand. She doesn't understand why I like to tell thundering lies, or take a drink, or go swimming without five yards of wool around me."

Elspeth could not but be flattered by such confidences, and soon the intimacy deepened into love, and love into a love-affair. But neither of them was suited by temperament to a clandestine romance, and when the secret was out they extinguished their feelings for each other and allowed Margaret to arrange the situation for the three of them. Her terms were hard, inhuman. They consisted in the breaking off of all relationships more real than empty words and smiles worn for convention's sake; while the paternity of Elspeth's child, Malcolm, was attributed to a Swedish labourer, who, as proof of this, was sent home to his native country. The three grown-up people and the child lived on in an atmosphere starved of human companionship, until Alec, who had begun to drown his sorrows in drink, left them for the hardly unfriendlier solitude of the grave.

[Continued overleaf.

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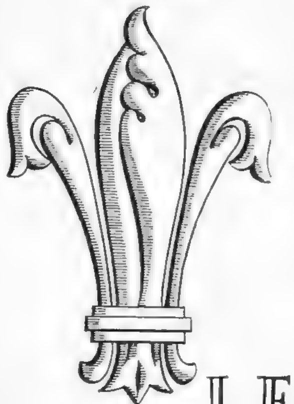

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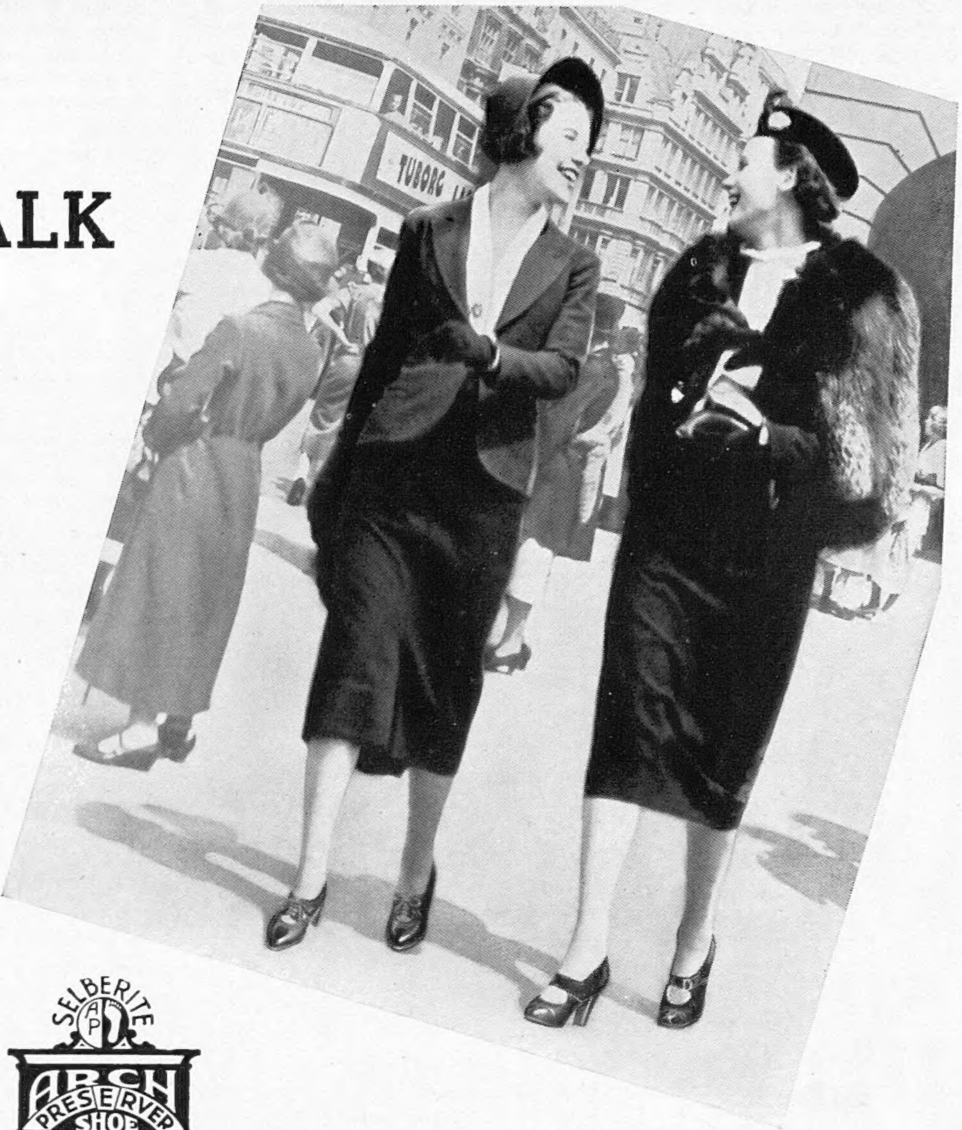

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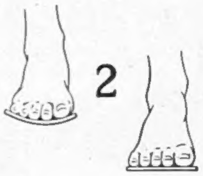

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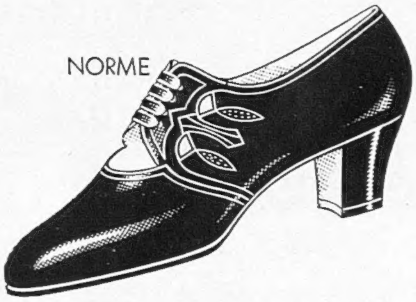
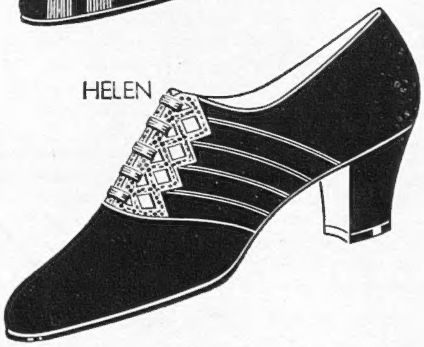


HELEN



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A very bleak story, but Mr. Wallace Stegner believes in it and makes us believe in it, too. And it is not all bleak. The earlier chapters, when Alec's nature is putting out forbidden shoots, are gay and lively and full of warmth. Usually in reading a novel one knows how to be wise after the event. "So-and-so," we say, "should have done this or should not have done that." It is a tribute, I think, to the quality of Mr. Stegner's story that no post-mortem into the behaviour of the characters yields a more satisfactory solution than the one he gives. They acted as they did because, given their natures, they had to; and tragedy was the result.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

When the Wind Blows. By N. Brysson Morrison. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
You 're in the Racket, Too. By James Curtis. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Little Valley. By Raymond Otis. (*The Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.*)
Remembering Laughter. By Wallace Stegner. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPTEMBER 15.

ACROSS.—1. Downright. 5. Lyric. 8. Grimace. 10. Tenable. 11. Abib. 12. Simon. 13. Peck. 16. Muggers. 17. Sores. 18. Socks. 20. Dribble. 22. Heed. 23. Madam. 24. Club. 28. Abandon. 29. Adamant. 30. Taste. 31. Runagates.

DOWN.—1. Dogma. 2. Whiting. 3. Rear. 4. Tattoos. 5. Lone. 6. Rubbers. 7. Checkmate. 9. Emits. 14. Perch. 15. Grain. 16. March past. 18. See-saws. 19. Spanner. 20. Drama. 21. Ballast. 25. Butts. 26. Idle. 27. Tang.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"RICHARD II." (Queen's). 8.15.—Brilliantly played by John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, and a first-rate cast.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff; music, dancing, and fun.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—John van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!).

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"SOULS AT SEA" (Plaza).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in a thrilling drama of the sea.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (New Gallery).—Life, love and death on a remote Scottish island.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"DOUBLE OR NOTHING" (Carlton).—Bing Crosby, in a musical play, competes for a fortune.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Regal).—Stanley Lupino in the screen version of a popular musical comedy.

"ACTION FOR SLANDER" (London Pavilion).—Clive Brook and a distinguished company in a polished adaptation of Mary Borden's novel.

"A CASTLE IN FLANDERS" (Berkeley).—Modern German romance with music, starring Marta Eggerth.

CAFÉ METROPOLE (Gaumont-Haymarket).—Adolphe Menjou, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in the comedy of a spurious prince.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

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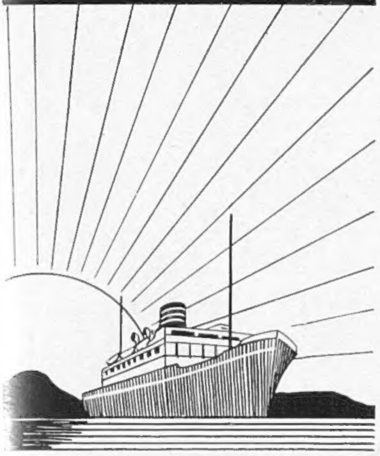

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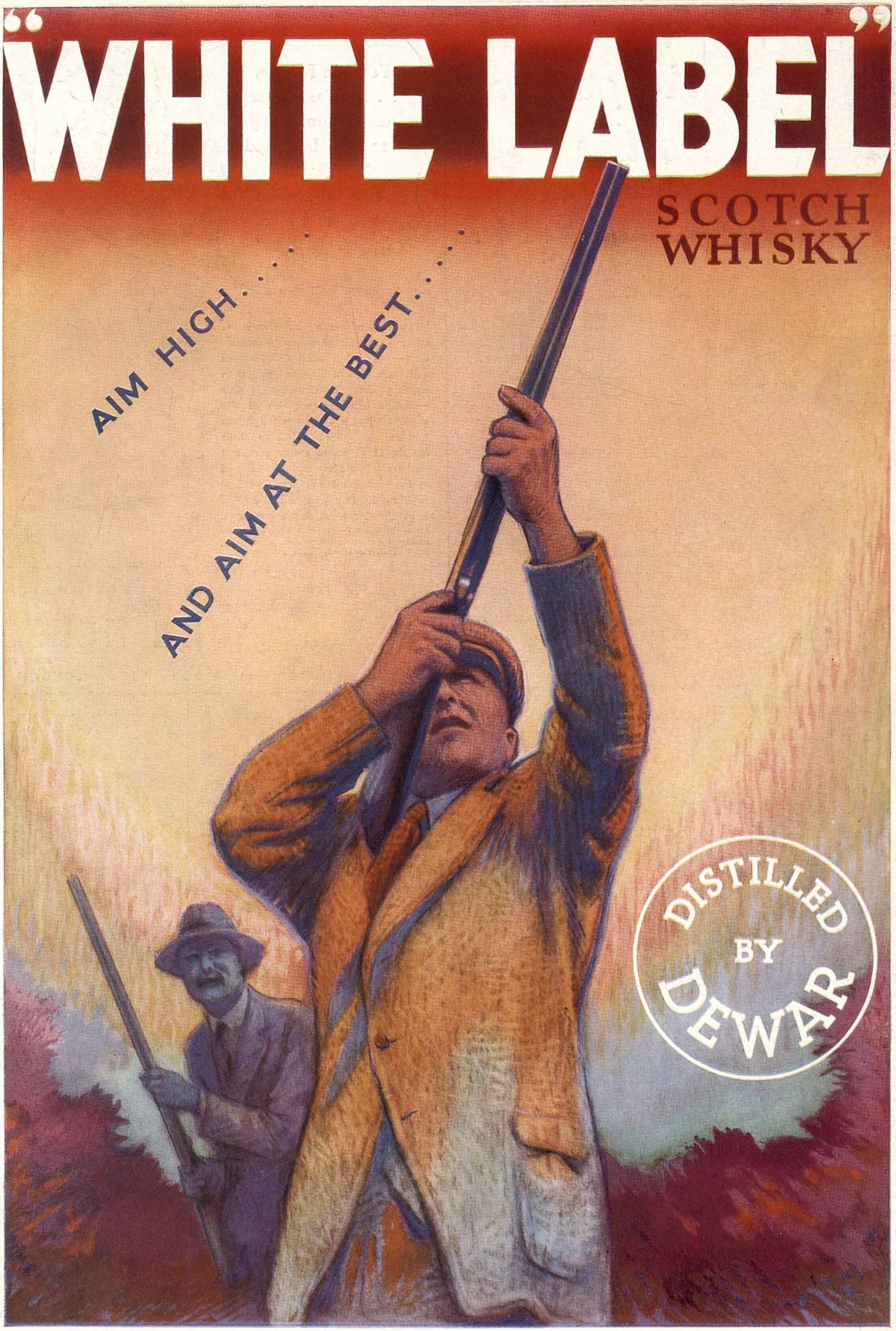
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